

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1325.—October 23, 1869.

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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

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From The New York Tribune.
ISRAEL FREYER'S BID FOR GOLD.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

ZOUNDS! how the price went flashing through
Wall street, William, Broad street, New!
All the specie in all the land
Held in one Ring by a giant hand —
For millions more it was ready to pay,
And throttle the street on hangman's day,
Up from the Gold Pit's nether hell.
While the innocent fountain rose and fell,
Loud and higher the bidding rose,
And the bulls, triumphant, faced their foes,
It seemed as if Satan himself were in it,
Lifting it — one per cent. a minute
Through the bellowing broker, there amid,
Who made the terrible, final bid!

High over all, and ever higher,
Was heard the voice of Israel Freyer —
A doleful knell in the storm-swept mart —
"Five millions more! and for any part
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"
Israel Freyer — the Government Jew —
Good as the best — soaked through and through
With credit gained in the year he sold
Our Treasury's precious hoard of gold;
Now through his thankless mouth rings out
The leaguers' last and cruellest shout!
Pity the shorts? Not they, indeed,
While a single rival's left to bleed!
Down come dealers in silks and hides,
Crowding the Gold Room's rounded sides,
Jostling, trampling each other's feet,
Uttering groans in the outer street —
Watching, with upturned faces pale —
The scurrying index mark its tale —

Hearing the bid of Israel Freyer —
That ominous voice, would it never tire?
"Five millions more! — for any part
(If it breaks your firm, if it cracks your heart)

I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"
One Hundred and Sixty! Can't be true!
What will the bears-at-forty do?
How will the merchants pay their dues?
How will the country stand the news?
What'll the banks — but listen! hold!
In screwing upward the price of gold
To that dangerous, last, particular peg,
They had killed their Goose with the Golden
Egg!

Just there the metal came pouring out,
All ways at once, like a water-spout,
Or a rushing, gushing, yellow flood,
That drenched the bulls wherever they stood!
Small need to open the Washington main,
Their coffer-dams were burst with the strain!

It came by runners, it came by wire,
To answer the bid of Israel Freyer,
It poured in millions from every side,
And almost strangled him as he cried —

"I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"
Like Vulcan after Jupiter's kick,
Or the apophoristical Rockett's stick,
Down, down, down, the premium fell,
Faster than this rude rhyme can tell!

Thirty per cent. the index slid,
Yet Freyer still kept making his bid —
"One Hundred and Sixty for any part!"
— The sudden ruin had crazed his heart,
Shattered his senses, cracked his brain,
And left him crying again and again —
Still making his bid at the market's top
(Like the Dutchman's leg that could never stop),
"One Hundred and Sixty—Five Millions more!"
Till they dragged him, howling, off the floor.

The very last words that seller and buyer
Heard from the mouth of Israel Freyer —
A cry to remember long as they live —
Were, "I'll take Five Millions more! I'll give —
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Suppose (to avoid the appearance of evil,)
There's such a thing as a Personal Devil,
It would seem that his Highness here got hold,
For once, of a bellowing Bull in Gold!
Whether bull or bear, it wouldn't much matter
Should Israel Freyer keep up his clatter
On earth or under it — (as, they say,
He is doomed) till the general Judgment Day,
When the Clerk, as he cites him to answer for't,
Shall bid him keep silence in that Court!
But it matters most, as it seems to me,
That my countrymen, great and strong and free,
So marvel at fellows who seem to win,
That if even a Clown can only begin
By stealing a railroad, and use its purse
For cornering stocks and gold, or — worse —
For buying a Judge and Legislature,
And sinking still lower poor human nature,
The gaping public, whatever befall,
Will swallow him, tandem, harlots and all!
While our rich men drivel and stand amazed
At the dust and pother his gang have raised,
And make us remember a nursery tale
Of the four-and-twenty who feared one snail.

What's bred in the bone will breed, you know;
Clowns and their trainers, high and low,
Will cut such capers, long as they dare,
While honest Poverty says its prayer.
But tell me what prayer or fast can save
Some hoary candidate for the grave,
The market's wrinkled Giant Despair,
Muttering, brooding, scheming there —
Founding a college or building a church
Lest Heaven should leave him in the lurch?
Better come out in the rival way,
Issue your scrip in open day,
And pour your wealth in the grimy fist
Of some gross-mouthed, gambling pugilist;
Leave toil and poverty where they lie,
Pass thinkers, workers, artists, by,
Your pot-house flag from his counters bring
And make him into a Railway King!
Between such Gentiles and such Jews
Little enough one finds to choose:
Either the other will buy and use,
Eat the meat and throw him the bone,
And leave him to stand the brunt alone.

Let the tempest come, that's gathering near,
And give us a better atmosphere!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

No. 48 Broad street, September 25, 1893.

From The Economist, 18 Sept.
SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

IF anything politically odder than the war between Spain and the United States, now so generally rumoured and even expected, can be imagined, it can only be the reason which is assigned as the expected *casus belli*. That America should think — if she does think — of going to war to acquire a new negro-State, i.e., a new difficulty, in her present condition of financial depression, is perhaps not odder than the ordinary events of ordinary history which are almost made up of the unexpected. That she should regard the recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents in Cuba as a natural preliminary to such a war, in the absence of any evidence that Spain will be insane enough to regard it as a challenge and meet it with a declaration of war, can only be looked upon as one of those evidences of morbid imagination on the subject of recognizing belligerent rights, of which there have been only too many symptoms ever since our recognition of the belligerent rights of the South in 1861. But that it should be considered probable — and apparently it is probable — not only that Spain should be willing to fight with the United States for Cuba, but to *pick a quarrel* on apparently the most trivial and inadequate grounds, is one of those portents of national character which dot human history with a series of enigmas. What is hardly credible, but yet what seems to be confidently alleged in quarters where it is not easy to conceive that there can be any motive for inventing so unlikely a fable, is that if President Grant should recognize, as he is said to be likely to recognize, the belligerent rights of the insurgents in Cuba, Spain will regard such a recognition as a *casus belli*, and go to war with the United States accordingly. It is hardly possible to conceive a madder act, unless indeed such a war be merely the form under which Spanish honour — always haunted by impracticable grandee traditions — finds it most convenient to acknowledge defeat and give up the contest. It is conceivable at least that Spain may be unwilling to admit, and yet be compelled to recognize, her inability to defeat so petty an enemy as the Cuban insurgents, and that

she may desire the excuse of a nominal contest with a more powerful foe for the confession of her impotence. As far however as the evidence goes, this is hardly the true aspect of the case. There seems to be a genuine enthusiasm in Spain for the expected war with the United States. Volunteers are arming in all parts of Spain, rushing in fact to support and serve a rather unpopular Government. The Government has ordered two iron-clads out to the coast of Cuba, has despatched 3,000 regular soldiers, to be followed within a day or two by 7,000 more, and the popular feeling in Spain is up to boiling point. Of course this energy may end in preventing the expected contest by subduing the insurrection before the recognition threatened at Washington happens. But that is clearly not the expectation in Spain, nor does it seem likely that after a year's unsuccessful contest any spasm of energy now would terminate the insurrection. Spain is arming, if we can trust the accounts at all, for a real struggle, or what at least she at present regards as likely to be a real struggle with the United States, and is even prepared to precipitate the struggle by taking the initiative in case General Grant goes through a particular form of empty words which, as far as we understand the matter, could exercise no influence whatever upon the contest if Spain simply ignored them, except perhaps by giving a modicum of moral encouragement to the insurgents.

Is there a conceivable reason why any rational beings should consider that General Grant's formal admission on the part of the United States that the Cuban insurgents are a *de facto* power, entitled if they can and if they please to commission ships of their own, or send out armies of their own, which Americans would be bound to treat as legitimate ships and armies entitled to the benefit of international law, would be a serious blow to whatever hopes Spain may entertain of reconquering Cuba? Even if it were such a blow, nothing could be rasher than to make it the excuse for fighting the United States *as well as* Cuba, — a course which, had it been adopted by the Union when we recognized the belligerency of the South, would in all probability have re-

versed the issue of the war. But what conceivable effect detrimental to Spain — other than the slight moral effect which a single subsequent victory would soon obliterate — could such a step have on the prospects of the struggle? We are not aware whether the Cuban insurgents hold any ports on the island. If they do, it would no doubt enable them to fit out legitimate cruisers against Spain. But then, on the other hand, the step puts it into the power of Spain to declare a blockade of such ports, and after that to stop on the high seas all ships bound thither, — an advantage very much greater than the corresponding disadvantages, and much more likely than any other to deprive the insurgents of illicit foreign help. What further harm it could do to the cause of Spain to have its Cuban opponents denominated belligerents by America we are utterly unable to conceive. Beyond this the step would be a purely verbal one, as devoid of consequence as the avowal of a determination on the part of Lippe-Deimold for the future to write off Cuba from the empire of Spain in its almanacks, or to spell the name backward, or to put in practice any other verbal caprice we like to imagine. The recognition of the belligerency would have no more practical effect on the war, except perhaps by giving Spain a much more effectual chance of blockade, than any expression of opinion by an influential authority. To make such an act the occasion for a declaration of war against a great power looks very much like the despair of a suicide.

For what possible result but one could there be to Spain from a war with the United States? As the *Times* pointed out the other day, Spain could not even make anything of its recent war with Chili except a fussy demonstration that caused a good deal of waste and bloodshed, and came to nothing in the end. What could she do with the United States? Despatch a force to raise the South? Why, she could not even find the steady supply of Armstrong guns, and rifles, and ammunition, and quinine, and clothing necessary for such a step even if the force could live on the country as Sherman's force did, which would be no easy matter. Carry fear and destruction

as the Southern cruisers once did to the mercantile marine of America? Well, she might manage that at the cost of losing not only Cuba but Porto Rico and the other West India Islands, — relinquishing to the United States, Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica, and so giving the great Republic a permanent naval station in the Mediterranean, and probably losing Cadiz and Barcelona to Farragut or some other commander as well. *That* would not, we take it, be a very profitable speculation. In a word, no sane Spaniard can doubt that fighting the United States would mean giving up not only Cuba, but a great deal besides Cuba, before the peace, and gaining nothing in the world, — not even barren prestige. It may be that Spanish pride is so blind to facts as to ignore the truth. But if it be so, the sooner a little Spanish pride is beaten out of Spain, the sooner it will become fit to take part in the affairs of the existing world. The only gain we can imagine that can accrue to Spain from such a war would be the gain of humiliation, if that were any guarantee for clearer vision in future. But it is not for such a gain as that certainly that Spain is preparing to fight.

From the American point of view, as we have already intimated, we can see exceedingly little to hope for in this war, though no doubt to America it could not fail to be a war of easy conquest. Still, easy conquest is about the most mischievous prescription we can imagine just at present for the existing political disease. Easy conquest will fire the hopes and ambitions of the war party even more than a renewed struggle of a more equal kind. Easy conquest always promises to be remunerative and never is. It necessarily involves a very great addition to the Public Debt already so heavy; for conquest, however easy, cannot be attained without ships, and men, and ammunition, and all sorts of costly conditions. It involves also a great stimulus to the jobbers and the fillibusters, and the various predatory characters who weigh so heavily on the resources of the great and industrious country off which they live. It involves a great distraction of attention from the many difficult national problems which beset the Union, and,

worst of all, adds influence in the discussion and solution of those problems to the Spread Eagle party. Finally, it involves probably a considerable addition to the political difficulties of the Union, for whether the West Indian islands gained were simply annexed, or were confederated into a West Indian republic, or whatever might happen to be done with them, undoubtedly the old British difficulty would arise in every one of them — how to adjust the relations of the negroes and the whites, — and would arise in an even more perplexed form, in consequence of the mixture of Spanish blood, than in the Southern States themselves, where the superior race is at least American enough to be plastic to American ideas. We can hardly imagine a worse misfortune for the Union than the revival just now of the annexation and war fever, before any way has been made towards reorganizing the torn and bleeding States of the South. The fillibusters were a most dangerous and mischievous element in the politics of the Union, even before the war. If they acquire any access of influence now, and such an unequal contest as that with Spain could scarcely help giving them an access of influence, they may confuse and cloud every political question of real moment; — and how many of pressing and urgent moment there are now, which hardly existed at all before 1860, it would indeed be difficult to say.

From The Spectator.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.*

MRS. CLOUGH has done wisely in giving her husband's remains so frankly to the world, and all understanding readers will thank her sincerely for the true taste, perfect simplicity, and quiet literary skill with which she has edited them. These two volumes, as they now stand, contain as adequate a picture of the singular, but large simple, and tender nature of the Oxford poet as is now attainable; and it is one

which no one can study without much delight and some pain, without much profit and perhaps also some loss, without feeling the high exaltation of true poetry and the keen pleasure caused by the subtlety of true scholarship, at every turn; nor without feeling now and again the sad infection of those "blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized," which are scattered so liberally through these fine poems of buoyant ardour, disappointed longings, and speculative suspense, and through these singular letters and reviews of reticent tenderness and rough self-satire. The new materials now for the first time published, and many of them for the first time printed, are of the highest interest in the contribution they give us to Mr. Clough's intellectual autobiography. And some of them will add greatly to his fame, — especially the strange and wonderful poem written at Naples in 1849, in which Mr. Clough starts from the precisely opposite point of view to Keble's Easter hymn, and instead of singing, —

"Oh, day of days! shall hearts set free,
No minstrel rapture find for thee?"

pours out the despair with which the poet infers from the multitude of servile hearts *not* set free from either guilt or meanness, that "Christ is not risen." This poem will live, we believe, for ever in English literature, as the most burning and pathetic lament which an ardent love of Christ, amazed and ashamed and aghast at the spectacle of an utterly un-Christian world calling itself Christian, and the despair of intellect naturally suggested by this spectacle, ever produced. To our minds, this singular poem, short though it be, is not unlikely to be recognized as one of the greatest poems, — if not in all English literature, which is likely enough, — certainly of our day and generation. But as we hope to say something separately upon it, we will only say of it here that it is unquestionably the author's greatest achievement, and is not less remarkable for the patient realism and almost bitter intellectual precision, of the style, than for the molten stream of religious passion which it pours out. As a rule, Mr. Clough's lyrical poems are not quite so successful in delineating

* *The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Selection from his Letters, and a Memoir.* Edited by his Wife. 1 vols. With a Portrait. Vol. I. Life Letters, Prose Remains. Vol. II. Poems. London: Macmillan.

the mood which they are really meant to delineate, owing to the chronic state of introspective criticism on himself in which he is too apt to write, and which, characteristic as it is, necessarily diminishes the linearity and directness of the feeling expressed, refracting it, as it were, through media of very variable density. As he himself—no doubt in this stanza delineating himself—says of one of his heroes:—

“With all his eager motions still there went
A self-correcting and ascetic bent,
That from the obvious good still led astray,
And set him travelling on the longest way.”

And in the same poem there are descriptive touches which very skilfully portray the nature of those *dispersive* influences, as we may call them, in his character which, while they may injure his lyrical, add a great wealth of criticism to his speculative and disquisitional poems:—

“Beside the wishing-gate which so they name,
‘Mid Northern hills to me this fancy came;
A wish I formed, my wish I thus expressed:
‘*Would I could wish my wishes all to rest,
And know to wish the wish that were the best!*
Oh, for some winnowing wind to th’ empty air
This chaff of easy sympathies to bear
Far off, and leave me of myself aware!”

That is clearly self-portraiture, and it describes an element in Mr. Clough's nature which, no doubt, contributed greatly to diminish the number of his few but exquisite lyrical poems, and sometimes to confine even those to the delineation of feelings of a certain vagueness of drift, like the dim but characteristic stanzas which he has himself beheaded with Wordsworth's line, “blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized.” Yet there was, beside this subtle and almost over-perfect intellectual culture in Mr. Clough, much also of a boyish, half-formed nature in him, even to the last, which, when fully roused, contributed a great deal of the animation, and, when least roused, contributed not a little of the embarrassed, shy, half-articulate tone to some of the most critical passages of his finest poems. He describes this side of boyish feeling admirably in one of his “In Mari Magno” tales.

“How ill our boyhood understands
Incipient manhood's strong demands!
Boys have such trouble of their own
As none, they fancy, e'er have known,—
Such as to speak of, or to tell,
They hold were unendurable, —
Religious, social, of all kinds,
That tear and agitate their minds.
A thousand thoughts within me stirred
Of which I could not speak a word,—

Strange efforts after something new
Which I was wretched not to do;
Passions, ambitions lay and lurked,
Wants, counter-wants, obscurely worked
Without their names, and unexplained.”

And even in his latest and most finished poems you see the working of this half-developed element of Mr Clough's massive and rich but to some extent inert imagination; and you see, too, how powerfully it operated to discontent him with his own productions, to make him underrate vastly their real worth. Rapidly as his genius ripened at an age when, with most men, the first flush of it would have passed over, there was something of conscious inertia, not unlike immaturity, in it to the last, which gives a tone of proud hesitation, a slowness of hand, to the literary style of his finest poems. He calls himself, in his Long Vacation pastoral, “the grave man, nicknamed Adam,” and there is really something of the flavour of primeval earth, of its unready vigour and crude laboriousness, about his literary nature. Even when he succeeds best, the reader seems to see him “wipe his honourable brows bedewed with toil.” And yet he is impatient with himself for not succeeding better, and despises his own work. He needed external stimulus, something of excitement in the atmosphere, for his best success. Thus, the siege of Rome during his residence there in 1849 was the stimulus which gave rise to his most original and striking poem “Amours de Voyage,” which is brimful of his Oxford culture, of Dr Newman's metaphysics, of classical traditions, of the political enthusiasm of the time, and of his own large, speculative humour, subtle hesitancy of brain, and rich pictorial sense. Yet so ill-satisfied was he with this striking poem, that he kept it nine years in MS., and published it apologetically at last only in an American magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*. He himself says that what he doubted about in it was not its truth of conception, but its vigour of execution. Yet no execution could have been more perfect of the picture,—a picture of inchoacy, we admit,—which he intended to draw. Mr. Emerson has in some things shown himself a fine critic; but he never made a more egregious blunder than when he found fault with Mr. Clough for not making this poem end more satisfactorily. The whole meaning and drift of it would have been spoiled if it had so ended. His idea was to draw a mind so reluctant to enter on action, shrinking so morbidly from the effects of the “ruinous force of the will,” that even when most desirous of action it would find a hundred

trivial intellectual excuses for shrinking back in spite of that desire. His own explanation of the poem is contained in the final verse:—

“So go forth to the world, to the good report
and the evil.
Go, little book! thy tale, is it not evil and
good?
Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by
without answer.
Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rear-
ing and age,
Say, ‘I am flitting about many years from
brain unto brain of
Feeble and restless youths born to inglori-
ous days:
But,’ so finish the word, ‘I was writ in a
Roman chamber,
When from Janiculan heights thundered
the cannon of France.’”

And it is this brain of what the author chooses to call “feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days” that the poem is meant to delineate throughout,—their speculative discontent, their passion for the abstract, their dread of committing themselves to a course, their none the less eager cravings for action and for the life that can only be reached through action, their driftings and their reactions;—and all this is artistically contrasted with the great Roman stage on which so many great dramas had been enacted in years gone by, and one great revolutionary drama was going forward at that very moment. To our minds, the poem would lose half its character and meaning if the hero’s incipency of passion had been developed into anything but incipency, if it had not faded away, just as it is represented as doing, with the first difficulties, into a restless but still half-relieved passiveness. The irony of the poem, with its back-ground of Mazzinian and Garibaldian achievement, would have been utterly spoiled by any other conclusion. How perfect a picture of the paralysis caused by too subtly speculative a nature, is there in such lines as these, for example, in which the hero declares his intention to abide by the indications of the first adverse throw of fortune:—

“Great is Fate, and is best. I believe in Providence partly.
What is ordained is right, and all that happens is ordered.
Ah, no, that isn’t it! But yet I retain my conclusion.
I will go where I am led, and will not dictate to the chances.”

“Amours de Voyage” would indeed have

been spoiled, if it had ended “prettily,” like any other novel.

One of the most curious and original of the pieces published for the first time in this edition is that on the “Mystery of the Fall,” to which we regret that Mrs. Clough has not appended any date. Most probably it was earlier than “The Bothie.” As a poem it cannot rank high, for it is fragmentary as well as unpolished; and the cautious but masculine transcendentalism displayed by Adam in reserving the doubt whether his disobedience was not in some sense or other divinely preordained,—the feminine despair of Eve, the thin saintliness of Abel, the impatient aggressiveness of Cain, are all somewhat grotesque,—even with the most liberal allowance for something of allegory,—as representatives of primeval man. Still, taken in connection with “Dipsychus,” and, indeed, with a whole series of scattered hints ranging through both the letters and the poems, it is a very curious indication of the direction in which Mr. Clough was inclined to look for a solution of the mystery of moral evil. He evidently inclined to believe that though evil must be taken as absolutely evil for all practical purposes, there is some transcendental view in which it is necessary for the development of independent beings, and a part therefore of human destiny, rather than a mere product of human free-will. With the most exalted love for a pure morality, there is a slight vein of contempt for it, as something impracticably fastidious and fanciful, running through most of Mr. Clough’s works, and a fixed conviction that all actual life must be at best, in some sense, a *conscious* compromise between right and wrong. That is, we believe, an erroneous view, one at the root of whatever error there is in Mr. Clough’s philosophy, and of much of the melancholy of his thought; but it is expressed with great power and originality in this strange soliloquy of Adam’s as he half-struggles with the overpowering sense of sin which overcomes him, treating his own remorse, if not as a weakness, at least as belonging to a more superficial part of his nature than the lowest depth of all, and recognizing in himself something deeper than either evil or good, a personality above or, at least, nearer to the very centre of his being, than the sense of either good or evil. In a philosophical point of view at least, and as illustrating a vein of speculation very fundamental in Mr. Clough’s writings, profound and eager as is his sense and abhorrence of evil, we cannot help giving a part of this remarkable soliloquy:—

"SCENE II.

"[Adam, alone.]

"*Adam.* Misery, oh my misery ! O God, God !
How could I ever, ever, could I do it ?

Whither am I come ? where am I ? O me,
miserable !

My God, my God, that I were back with Thee !
O fool ! O fool : O irretrievable act !

Irretrievable what, I should like to know ?

What act, I wonder ? What is it I mean ?

O Heaven ! the spirit holds me ; I must yield ;
Up in the air he lifts me, casts me down ;
I writhe in vain, with limbs convulsed, in the
void.

Well, well ! go idle words, babble your will ;
I think the fit will leave me ere I die.

Fool, fool ! where am I ? O my God ! Fool,
fool !

Why did we do't ? Eve, Eve ! where are you ?
quick !

His tread is in the garden ! hither it comes !
Hide us, O bushes ! and ye thick trees, hide !

He comes, on, on ! Alack, and all these leaves,
These petty, quivering and illusive blinds,
Aveil us naught : the light comes in and in :
Displays us to ourselves ; displays—ah ! shame—
Unto the inquisitive day our nakedness.

He comes ; He calls. The large eye of His
truth,

His full, severe, all-comprehending view,
Fixes itself upon our guiltiness.

O God, O God ! what are we ? what shall we be ?

What is all this about, I wonder now ?

Yet I am better, too. I think it will pass.

'Tis going now, unless it comes again.

A terrible possession while it lasts.

Terrible, surely ; and yet indeed 'tis true.

E'en in my utmost impotence I find

A fount of strange persistence in my soul ;

Also, and that perchance is stronger still,

A wakeful, changeless touchstone in my brain,

Receiving, noting, testing all the while

These passing, curious, new phenomena—

Painful, and yet not painful unto it.

Though tortured in the crucible I lie,

Myself my own experiment, yet still

I,—or a something that is I indeed,

A living, central, and more inmost I,

Within the scales of mere exterior me's,

I,—seem eternal, O thou God, as Thou ;

Have knowledge of the evil and the good,

Superior in a higher good to both."

The prose writings—excepting the letters—now for the first time published, have not nearly the same importance as the poems. The letters, indeed, especially those written from America, are full both of depth of thought and of that grave simplicity which was the chief charm of Mr. Clough's personal talk. But the reviews, also chiefly written in America, are a little *haram-searum*, and written almost as if they were thrown off in factitious high spirits. This is especially true of the letters of Perepide-

mus and the review of Mr. Newman's "Soul,"—essays the style of which was doubtless meant only to express a transient mood, though the latter, at least, contains solid convictions. But among the other criticisms, brief and unlaboured as they are, there are passages of very great beauty and critical depth, as when he describes Wordsworth's great poetic work as consisting in this,—that he strove, "not unsuccessfully, to build the lofty rhyme, to lay slowly the ponderous foundations of pillars to sustain man's moral fabric, to fix a centre around which the chaotic elements of human impulse and desire might take solid form, and move in their ordered ellipses, to originate a spiritual vitality ;"—or where he thus describes the sphere to which in some moods one is disposed to limit the subject-matter of modern poetry,— "There are moods in which one is prone to believe that in these last days, no longer by 'clear spring or shady grove,' no more on any Pindus or Parnassus, or by the side of any Castaly, are the true and lawful haunts of the poetic powers ; but we could believe it, if anywhere, in the blank and desolate streets, and upon the solitary bridges of the midnight city, where Guilt is, and wild Temptation, and the dire Compulsion of what has once been done,—there, with these tragic sisters around him, and with Pity also, and pure Compassion, and pale Hope that looks like Despair, and Faith in the garb of Doubt, there walks the discrowned Apollo, with unstrung lyre ; nay, and could he sound it, those mournful Muses would scarcely be able, as of old, to respond and 'sing in turn with their beautiful voices.'"

Taken as a whole, these volumes cannot fail to be a lasting monument to one of the most original men of our age, and its most subtle, intellectual, and buoyant, though very far, of course, from its richest, and most musical and exquisite poet. There is a very peculiar and unique attraction about what we may call the physical and almost animal buoyancy of these subtly intellectual rhythms and verses, when once the mass of the poet's mind—by no means easy to get into motion—is fairly under weigh. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Clough both represent the stream of the modern Oxford intellectual tradition in their poems, but how different is their genius. With all his intellectual precision there is something of the boyishness, of the simplicity, of the vascular Saxon breadth of Chaucer's poetry in Mr. Clough, while Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetical ancestor is certainly no earlier than Wordsworth. There are both flesh and spirit, as well as emotion and specu-

lation, in Mr. Clough,—while, in Mr. Arnold, soul and sentiment guide the emotion and the speculation. There is tenderness in both, but Mr. Clough's is the tenderness of earthly sympathy, and Mr. Arnold's lyrical cry of Virgilian compassion. Both fill half their poems with the most subtle intellectual meditations, but Mr. Clough leaves them all but where they were, not even half settled, laughing at himself for mooning over them so long; while Mr. Arnold finds some sort of a delicate solution, or no-solution, for all of them, and sorts them with the finest nicety. Finally, when they both reach their highest poetical point, Mr. Arnold is found painting lucidly in a region of pure and exquisite sentiment, Mr. Clough singing a sort of pæan of buoyant and exultant strength:—

“But, oh, blithe breeze, and oh, great seas,
If ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain, they join again,
Together lead them home at last!

“One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,
Oh, bounding breeze, oh, rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!”

From The Spectator.

A TRIP TO THE SHETLANDS.

II.

LERWICK, the capital of Shetland, and its only town—pronounced *Ler-wick*, not *Lerrick*—literally thrust itself upon my notice as we steamed up the harbour. The town looked as if a kick from behind had pushed it into the very water of the Sound, as the houses were actually washed by the waves. Unfortunately they turned their backs to the harbour, and were hardly presentable from that side. Above them, on a steep eminence, were churches and handsome houses, which saved the character of the town as judged from the vessel; and the long line of habitations, and docks, and shipbuilder's yards that lined the shore for half a mile proved Lerwick to be a port large and busy, if not handsome. The St. Magnus anchors in the harbour, and we have to look for small boats to land us. These boats could not fail to attract our notice as soon as ever we entered the Sound. They had an unmistakable Norse character. The small ones had both ends high, sharp, and alike, and reminded us that the Norsemen called them their “birds,” or “eagles;” indeed the high prow resembles the

bird's breast, erect against the opposing air, and the stern the elevated tail of the gull or pigeon when flying. The smallest can hoist one mast and sail near the prow. The larger boats have generally two masts, with singularly white and clean sails. The boats used till recent times were actually brought from Norway; and more lately, the cut-boards and keel have been imported thence and put together in Shetland. They are exceedingly light, and seem to a stranger ill-suited to the boisterous seas they often encounter. Yet they bound over the waves, and right themselves directly, if indeed they ever get wrong.

Lerwick has much foreign commerce quite distinct from that of places further south. A large proportion of the crews of whaling vessels is taken from Shetland. The whalers of southern ports come to Lerwick and stay there to complete their crews, and return here after the voyage to Greenland to land the Shetlanders. I saw a large three-masted bark in the Sound, which had returned with 150 tons of oil, obtained, however, from seals, the whales having apparently left their former haunts, and no one knowing where they had gone. Then, again, the Dutch carry on a considerable trade with Shetland, though not with Orkney. One day the aspect of the Sound was suddenly so completely altered that I fancied myself transported to Rotterdam. It was full of gaily-painted Dutch vessels; some of the well-known square-prowed bulging build, others of the newest clipper form—the very opposite of the former—which is becoming popular in Holland, and all looking smart and clean, and flying streamers at their tops. These vessels bring corn and hemp and other articles of legitimate traffic, but also smuggle a great deal of spirits reputed to be fearfully adulterated with vitriol, and tobacco. This they effect by going singly or in twos to distant voes (inlets), and anchoring for a day or so. The news of their arrival spreads like wildfire in the sparsely peopled districts, and not an hour passes during their stay when they are not boarded by poor people, who make their bargains and carry off their untaxed purchases quite openly, in large parcels or blue handkerchiefs. I witnessed this scene at one of the farthest voes,—Balta Sound in Unst, and was told that even in that thinly-peopled and poor island, the Dutch skippers had probably realized some £60 to £80. There is a revenue cutter at Lerwick; but it cannot be everywhere at once, and those voes are very numerous. The sight of the Dutch sailors, stalking through the narrow streets of Lerwick in

their hugely wide knickerbockers and monstrous sabots, was curiously foreign. They went in groups of twos, threes, or sixes, and lolled into spirit or tobacco shops, were sometimes very drunk, but more often merely lazy and with nothing to do. Lerwick has also much direct trade with Spain, whither the shetlands take salt fish (cod, for the Spaniards will not have ling) for the Catholic fasts. There is also a good deal to do in shipbuilding and refitting. Many vessels put in disabled; I saw a fine American ship which had narrowly escaped going on the rocks at Mousa, having lost her direct route round Sumburgh Head. But, of course, the main employment of the Shetlanders generally is fishing. There is shore-fishing, voe-fishing, and haaf-fishing. On the shore, in very shallow water, are found small fish, which are taken by nets or lines; for the herrings, numerous bright hooks are fixed on the line, without any bait whatever. The sillock, which is the young of the coalfish, is caught here in enormous quantities. In the middle of the voes, or narrow inlets of the sea, and off the coast in moderately deep water, other fish are taken — especially the piltock, which is the next stage of the sillock, when two years old. *Haaf* is the Shetland word for the deep sea, some twenty or thirty miles from land, — interesting as a peculiarly Scandinavian word. The Germans call the sea *See* or *Meer*; the Scandinavians *Haaf*; and one could hardly find a word which would prove more clearly to which nationality the Shetlanders belong. Very small boats go even to the haaf-fishing, though they are often out for six weeks; and I believe disasters are not unfrequent from this cause. The haaf-fishers take chiefly cod, ling, tusk (a peculiar fish, somewhat resembling cod, but more solid in flesh), and *saythe* or coalfish. In these islands, where there is no inland, the same men who farm or keep sheep are also acquainted with the sea, and are fishermen in the season.

On landing from the St. Magnus, I had to select an inn, or rather to betake myself to the only one worth naming, the "Queen's." The hotel accommodation at Lerwick is not equal to the demand; but Mr. Evans, proprietor of the "Queen's," is enterprising, and meditates improvement and enlargement. There are also two or three lodging-houses, at which travellers find very fair accommodation at decidedly moderate prices.

Lerwick has one long street, "Commercial Street," running along the Sound. Here are all the shops, banks, post-offices, &c. At right angles with this, narrow

lanes, recalling those of Edinburgh, Newcastle, or Geneva, lead steeply up to the higher part of the town, where the churches and some of the better houses are found. A mean appearance is given to the town by the almost universal covering of the houses with whitewashed lime. The churches, however, and some of the new and better houses are built of uncovered grey stone, Commercial Street is very narrow, crooked, and flagged. The shops display abundant specimens of articles — from stockings and veils to large shawls — knitted in the finest Shetland wool; prevalently pure white or a white ground with dots or splashes of red or violet. These are knitted by poor women and girls in the winter, or while they drive or pull cattle or ponies (as I often witnessed). They often have no pattern, but invent one as they go on; and in a large shawl it is of course very complicated, and the difficulty to preserve perfect symmetry must be very great; yet they are up to the emergency, though the complaint is heard that the work damages the eyes. I was told that they are generally paid by the shopkeepers not in coin, but in wool, for their further work, and that the shopkeepers make a very good profit out of them. It is therefore charitable for visitors who buy this beautiful work to find out, possible, where the actual workers, and pay them in cash. The real Shetland wool, however, is fast disappearing. The pure Shetland sheep are now only to be seen in the wilder and distant islands, as Yell and Unst; and the quantity of wool yielded by them (8 oz. the fleece) does not pay the cost of breeding. These sheep are, therefore, now being crossed with other kinds, especially with the black-faced Cheviots, whereby an equally hardy, but more fleshy and more woolly kind is obtained. The Shetland sheep are small, short-legged, and long-necked, and vary curiously in colour, being white, black, brown, blue, and piebald.

The country about Lerwick is not especially attractive. It is difficult to describe a Shetland landscape so as to present its defects fairly, and yet to give an idea of the elements of beauty it really contains. There is not, broadly speaking, a single tree on any of the islands; which is remarkable, as there are plenty in many parts of Orkney. The attempts to rear trees against garden walls only seem to prove that they will never take kindly to the soil, for they grow not an inch above the protecting wall. Heather is dry and stunted; and although the flora exhibits some very interesting and some peculiar

plants, yet the hillsides and waysides are not decked out with much colour from flowers. A very large proportion of the soil is peaty, and where, as about Lerwick, the peat is largely dug into, the scene inclines to be dreary and black. Beauty of the softer kind is found in valleys which, under the shelter a circle of hills, are enabled to grow barley, oats, cabbage, and potatoes, as at Quarf; and in the voes, when the sun is bright and the water ripples gently on the rocks, or sends a dull murmur from the interior of mysterious caves. There are two or three such rock-bound inlets close to Lerwick, which, under favourable conditions, are perfectly lovely. Roads, again, which run along the side of a hill in full view of the ocean, as that from Lerwick to Moosa, afford varying and glorious views. We might remind southern readers of the road from Lynmouth to the Valley of Rocks, were it not that there the sea beneath is only the Bristol Channel, whereas in the Shetlands we have the blue ocean. The interior of Mainland, Bressay, Whalsey, and Unst is very hilly, and there are lonely and picturesque scenes to be found among these rounded grassy or heathery hills. But the sea it is which creates the chief beauties in Shetland. No sea view there is common or unexciting; and the sea is in sight from almost everywhere.

VIKING.

HALL'S ARCTIC JOURNEY.

REPULSE BAY, JUNE 29, 1869.

Henry Grinnell — Dear Sir: This day I have returned from a sledge journey of 90 days to and from King William's Land. It was my purpose, and every preparation was made, to make this journey last season; but my attention then having been called to Melville Peninsula, in the vicinity of Fury and Hecla Straits, where native report had it that white men had been seen, I directed my expedition there by way of Am-i-toke, Oog-lik-isle, Ig-loo-lik, with the ardent hope and expectation of rescuing alive some of Sir John Franklin's last companions. The result of this journey was the finding of a tenting-place of a few white men and a stone pillar they had erected close by at the bottom of Parry Bay, which is some 50 miles south of the western outlet of Fury and Hecla Straits and the visiting of several places where white men and their traces had been seen by natives of Ig-loo-lik, North Oog-lik-isle, and thereabouts, that confirmed the report I had

heard in the winter of 1867-8, which I have already stated. And still further proofs of this report have been also obtained on my late visit to King William's Land. My sledge journey to the Straits of Fury and Hecla, and thence down to Parry Bay and back to Repulse Bay by the route already defined, consumed 96 days.

SKELETONS OF FRANKLIN'S CREWS.

The result of my sledge journey to King William's Land may be summed up thus: — None of Sir John Franklin's companions ever reached or died on Montreal Island. It was late in July, 1848, when Crozier and his party, of about 40 or 45, passed down the west coast of King William's Land in the vicinity of Cape Herschell. The party was dragging two sledges on the sea-ice, which was nearly in its last stages of dissolution — one, a large sledge laden with an awning-covered boat, and the other, a small one, laden with provisions and camp material. Just before Crozier and party arrived at Cape Herschell, they were met by four families of natives, and both parties went into camp near each other. Two Esquimaux men, who were of the native party gave me much sad but deeply interesting information. Some of it stirred my heart with sadness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confession that they with their companions did secretly and hastily abandon Crozier and his party to suffer and die for need of fresh provisions, when, in truth, it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive. The next trace of Crozier and his party is to be found in the skeleton which McClintock discovered a little below, to the southward and eastward of Capé Herschell; this was never found by the natives. The next trace is a camping place on the sea-shore of King William's Land, about three miles eastward of Pfeiffer River, where two men died and received Christian burial. At this place fish bones were found by the natives which showed them that Crozier and his party had caught while there a species of fish excellent for food, with which the sea there abounds. The next trace of this party occurs some five or six miles eastward, on a long, low point of King William's Land, where one man died and was buried. Then about S.S.E., two and a half miles farther, the next trace occurs, on Todd's Islet, where the remains of five men lie. The next certain trace of this party is on the west side of the inlet west of Point Richardson, on some low land that is an island or a part of the main-land as the tide may be. Here the awning-covered boat

and the remains of about thirty or thirty-five of Crozier's party were found by the native Poo-yet-ta, of whom Sir John Ross has given a description in the account of his voyage in the Victory, 1829-34.

In the spring, of 1840, a large tent was found by some of the natives whom I saw, the floor of which was completely covered with the remains of white men. Close by were two graves. This tent was a little way inland from the head of Terror Bay.

In the spring of 1861, when the snow was nearly all gone, an Esquimaux party conducted by a native well known throughout the Northern regions, found two boats, with many skeletons in and about them. One of these boats had been previously found by McClintock; the other was found lying from one-quarter to one-half mile distant, and must have been completely entombed in snow at the time McClintock's parties were there, or they most assuredly would have seen it. In and about this boat, besides the many skeletons alluded to were found many relics, most of them similar in character to those McClintock has enumerated as having been found in the boat he discovered. The native who conducted this native party in its search over King William's Land is the same individual who gave Dr. Rae the first information about white men having died to the westward of where he (Dr. Rae) was then (Pelly-Bay), in the spring of 1854. His name is In-nook-poo-zhe-jook, and he is a native of Neitcheille, a very great traveller and very intelligent. He is, in fact, a walking history of the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition. This native I met when within one day's sledge journey of King William's Land—off Point Dryden—and after stopping a few days among his people, he accompanied me to the places I visited on and about King William's Land.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

The same year that the Erebus and Terror were abandoned one of them consummated the great northwest passage, having five men aboard. The evidence of the exact number is circumstantial. Everything about this northwest-passage ship of Sir John Franklin's expedition was in complete order; four boats were hanging high up at the ship's sides, and one was on the quarter deck; the vessel was in its winter housing of sail or tent cloth. This vessel was found by the Ouk-joo-lik natives near O'Reilly Island, lat. 68 degs. 30 min. N., long. 99 degs. 8 min. W., early in the spring of 1849, it being frozen in, in the midst of a smooth

and unbroken floe of ice of only one winter's formation. From certain evidence I have gained both at Ig-loo-lik and King William's Land, there must have been a dog of the grayhound species belonging to one or the other of the two ships. I only know this through native testimony. It is quite likely that some one in England can tell whether there was a dog on board either of the ships when Sir John Franklin left in 1845.

To complete the history of Sir John Franklin's last expedition, one must spend a summer on King William's Land with a considerable party, whose only business should be to make searches for records which beyond doubt lie buried on that island. I am certain from what I have heard the natives say, and from what I saw myself, that little or nothing more can be gained by making searches there when the land is clothed in its winter garb, for the Esquimaux have made search after search over all the coast of King William's Land, on either side, from its southern extreme up to Cape Felix, the northern point, for anything and everything that belonged to the companions of Sir John Franklin; and these searches have been made when the snow had nearly all disappeared from the land.

WHAT REMAINS TO BE DISCOVERED.

My sledge company from Repulse Bay to King William's Land consisted of eleven souls, all Esquimaux. Although they are as untamable as eagles by nature, yet by their aid alone I was enabled to reach points otherwise inaccessible, and when there to gain much important information relative to the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition. I tried hard to accomplish far more than I did, but not one of the company would, on any account whatever, consent to remain with me in that country and make a summer search over that island, which, from information I had gained of the natives, I had reason to suppose would be rewarded by the discovery of the whole of the manuscript records that had accumulated in that great expedition, and been deposited in a vault a little way inland or eastward of Cape Victory. Knowing, as I now do, the character of the Esquimaux in that part of the country in which King William's Land is situated, I cannot wonder at nor blame the Repulse Bay natives for their refusal to remain there as I desired. It is quite probable that, had we remained as I wished, no one of us would ever have got out of the country alive. How could we expect, if we had got into straitened circum-

stances, that we should receive better treatment from the Esquimaux of that country than the 105 souls who were under the command of the heroic Crozier, some time after landing on King William's Land? Could I and my party, with reasonable safety, have remained to make a summer search on King William's Land, it is not only probable that we should have recovered the logs and journals of Sir John Franklin's expedition, but have gathered up and entombed the remains of nearly 100 of his companions; for they lie about the places where the three boats have been found, and at the large camping place at the head of Terror Bay, and the three other places that I have already mentioned. In the Cove, west side of Point Richardson, however, Nature herself has opened her bosom and given sepulture to the remains of the immortal heroes that died there. Wherever the Esquimaux have found the graves of Franklin's companions they have dug them open and robbed the dead, leaving them exposed to the ravages of wild beasts. On Todd's Island the remains of five men were not buried, but, after the savages had robbed them of every article that could be turned to any account for their use, their dogs were allowed to finish the disgusting work.

Wherever I found that Sir John Franklin's companions had died, I erected monuments, then fired salutes and waved the Star Spangled Banner over them in memory and respect of the great and true discoverers of the Northwest Passage.

RELICS OF FRANKLIN.

I could have gathered great quantities — a very great variety — of relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, for they are now possessed by natives all over the Arctic regions that I visited or heard of — from Pond's Bay to Mackenzie River. As it was I had to be satisfied with taking upon our sledges about 125 pounds total weight of relics from natives about King William's Land. Some of those I will enumerate:— 1st. A portion of one side (several planks and ribs fast together) of a boat, clinker built and copper fastened. This part of a boat is of the one found near the boat found by McClintock's party. 2d. A small oak sledge runner, reduced from the sledge on which the boat rested. 3d. Part of the mast of the Northwest Passage ship. 4th. Chronometer box, with its number, name of maker, and the Queen's broad arrow engraved upon it. 5th. Two long heavy sheets of copper, three and four inches wide, with counter sunk holes for screw nails. On these sheets, as well

as on most everything else that came from the Northwest Passage ship, are numerous stamps of the Queen's broad arrow. 6th. Mahogany writing desk, elaborately finished and bound in brass. 7th. Many pieces of silver plate — forks and spoons — bearing crests and initials of the owners. 8th. Parts of watches. 9th. Knives, and very many other things, all of which you, Mr. Grinnell, and others interested in the fate of the Franklin Expedition, will take a sad interest in inspecting on their arrival in the States.

MEETING — A SEAMAN SHOT.

I must now tell you of the heart-rending, tragical part of my expedition before I conclude this rapid, and I must add, incomplete report, for after all it is but a drop in the bucket to giving you a full idea of the vast amount of interesting and important information I have gained of the natives about Repulse Bay, Ig-loo-lik, Pelly Bay, Neitchille, Great Fish, or Back River, and King William's Land, relative to the fate of Sir John Franklin's Expedition. In the spring of 1865 I started from Repulse Bay on a dog-sledge journey to King William's Land. My company was entirely of natives, and on getting about two hundred miles on our way we met a party of Pelly Bay natives who were fleeing from their country on account of "war" raging there. The effect on my company was that on no consideration could they be induced to proceed further, and therefore terrible as was the blow to my plans, I had to turn back, trusting that I could succeed in getting a small band of faithful white men, out of some whale-ships, if they should happily make into Repulse Bay. Not until the fall of 1867 was I able to get the desired number of white men to accompany me, besides my Esquimaux interpreters — Joe and Hannah — as an escort of defence, while making the long-delayed sledge journey to King William's Land, and even then, it was only at the very last moment — that is, while the whaling vessels were weighing anchors and starting for the States — that I was successful. The result of my taking seamen that neither I nor their captains knew much about, proved as many would expect. One of the men, Frank Lailer, ever proved during the year I employed the party of five men a most faithful, hard-working, and energetic man, fulfilling every position in which I placed him with ability and honor. Two men of the five would, I am quite confident, have proved better men than they did, had they not been ill-advised. None of the men, except noble Frank Lailer, ever accompanied me on any

of my great sledge journeys. In the fall of 1868, during a mutinous attack made upon me, when my faithful man was absent, about seven miles distant, on business, I was compelled, in self-defence, to call into requisition a revolver. Coleman, the leader, fell, and died in 15 days. At once the rebellion ended, and one of the band came,

and like a man acknowledged freely and truly that he and his companions were altogether the guilty ones, and hoped that I would forgive him, which I did on the instant. I feel that had I not taken this last "dread alternative," my fate would have been quite as sorrowful as that of Henry Hudson.

C. F. HALL.

WHEAT AND WEDLOCK.

"THE price of wheat is falling; statistics bid us wed,"

FITZ-EUSTACE REGINALD ST. CLAIR to GERTRUDE MOWBRAY said;

"The price of wheat is falling, and therefore needs must we

Now celebrate our marriage, long enough on the *tapis*.

"The price of wheat is falling; by reason of that fact

We ought our matrimonial alliance to contract;
The price of wheat is falling; then let us, lady fair,

Meet in the Church of sweet St. George, by Hanover's high Square.

"The price of wheat is falling; a Bishop must be got,

Assisted by a Canon, to tie our nuptial knot.

The price of wheat is falling; we'll to thy Sire's away,

The auspicious ceremony there, ensues a *déjeuner*.

"The price of wheat is falling; which makes it fit and meet

The happy pair their honeymoon should spend at some fair seat;

The price of wheat is falling, and may descend more low,

But be no moment wasted in completing the *trousseau*.

"The price of wheat is falling, though bread keeps up. What then?

The loaf to even money will soon be down again.
The price of wheat is falling, so thou, though meat and wine,

Dress, dwelling, horses, equipage, abate not, must be mine.

"The price of wheat is falling; it only falls to rise,

We marry, notwithstanding; we're wealthy, and we're wise.

The price of wheat is falling — the masses marry too,

Its future rise unheeding, quite as little as we do."

Punch.

ENCAUSTIC TILES. — A novelty, observes the *Builder*, in the manufacture of encaustic and other ornamental tiles, has just been brought to our notice by the Architectural Pottery Company. The patterns, which have hitherto been inlaid in self-colours, have in this process been produced by an admixture of coloured materials very finely prepared, which give the appearance of inlaying of granites and Florentine mosaics, according to the combinations of colours used, and may also be applied either in the ornament or as a ground. This contrast of coloured ornament against the ground has a pleasing effect, and is capable of introduction in elaborate ornamentation. We are at the same time assured that this new process intensifies the hardness of the surface, rendering the pavement still more durable. We were pleased with the specimens we have seen of the patent encaustic tiles produced by the same manufacturers. The ornament is more deeply inlaid than is customary in this description of manufacture, and the outlines are symmetrical.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THERE are plenty of new novels in promise for the libraries, so readers at the sea-side need not dread a dearth of recreation for wet days. As a rule, the titles are as catching as the influenza, and a sequel now so usually succeeds to a success, that we feel surprised the following have not yet been announced:—

Near and Narrow, by the author of *Far and Wide*.

Strings of Barley-sugar: a Sequel to the thrilling tale of *Ropes of Sand*.

Downy as a Decoy Duck: a fascinating Sequel to *Simple as a Dove*.

The Gent She Jilted: a Romance of Real Life, written by the author of *The Girl He Married*.

Boiled Black-beetles: a Sensation Story, by the writer of *Burnt Butterflies*.

Fatal Fever-heat: a Tale of most Unreal Life, by the Author of *Fatal Zero*.

Handley in Good Humour: a Sequel to the Story of *Handley Cross*.

Punch.

PART II.

If gaiety had been wanting in the drawing-room among the gentlefolks, it certainly was not in the hall. As Lord Ascham and Mrs. Ormathwaite, followed by the rest of the company, passed down the wide staircase, the sounds of laughter, music and dancing grew louder and louder. They entered by the upper hall. The great supper-table had been pushed against the wall, though the huge kettle of mulled ale stood brewing on the great hearth. At one end of the room, on a raised seat, was perched old Tommy Thwait, the wit and fiddler of the country side. He sat fiddling away, clapping his hob-nailed shoes in time to the music, shouting out the figures of the country-dances, and making sharp comments on the performers below. In the long line of the country-dance were elderly men and women, rosy-cheeked buxom girls, and broad-made, stalwart-looking youths.

Near the great hearth sat a few old men and women, enjoying the warm fire-light, some of them smoking tranquilly, and talking of past Hallowe'ens, when they too had danced and played their charms. In the lower hall there was merriment and noise enough. Men and boys were "bobbing" for apples that hung from the rafters by long strings, others "ducked" for apples as they floated in great tubs of water. Now and then some unlucky wretch in his eagerness lost his balance, and when he emerged from the water dripping and half-choked, he was greeted by shouts of laughter from the bystanders. The merriment was at its height as Lord Ascham and "the mistress," followed by the rest of the company entered the hall. For a few minutes there was a pause as they advanced, Lord Ascham, leading Mrs. Ormathwaite towards the great fireplace; and as she addressed the group seated on the hearth with words and looks of kindness and welcome, he turned and spoke to those about him with the winning grace that distinguished him. Colonel Hampden, with his fair niece on his arm, passed down the room speaking to each and all.

"Come, Tommy, strike up," said the Colonel, "our coming has ended the mirth here seemingly; let us have a dance now, and play your best tune. The young gentlemen are impatient to lead out their partners."

"Ay, your honour. I'll gie yo' a Hallowe'en tune that would make a Quaker dance."

After a preliminary scrape, the old fellow began a gay and swinging air—

"If it is na weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt,

If it is na weel bobbitt, we'll bobbit again."

Lord Ascham led out Mrs. Merriweather, the wife of the steward; Mr. Ashburnham danced with Mrs. Pettigrew; the other gentlemen chose themselves partners. Olivia shook her head to more than one of the young gentlemen, and gave her hand to a gray-haired and serious-looking man, who stood somewhat apart from the others.

"I know you don't care for dancing, Michael," she said, "but you must be my partner to-night."

The man seemed somewhat confused as the fair hand was held towards him. "I'd be a big loon, mistress, if I would na' dance to t' fell head if yo' asked me," said he, and they took their places at the top of one of the country-dances.

"Michael," said the young lady, "Alice tells me you saw some of the militiamen out in Kendal last night. This hodes no good, I fear."

Michael shook his head. "Not when you stranger was with them, Mistress Olive."

"Alice says the stranger looked liked the spy that was here from London last year," said Olivia, inquiringly.

"Ay," replied Michael, "it was no other, for sure. I may misreckon a man wi' my eye; but never by my ear, and it were his voice sure, enough."

"And the gentleman," said Olivia, "the gentleman that joined them, did you know him?"

"By the same token, I believe I do. I maun no' speak too surely on so weighty a matter, and I did not fairly see his face in the dark; but I believe I could lay my hand on him to-night."

"What?" said Olivia sharply.

"My mind misgie's me to lay it to his charge, and hurt the honourable name he holds; but these are strange times, and men are tempted to do the devil's work sometimes, and"—

"Was it Lord Ascham?" said Olivia, interrupting him.

"Nay, nay," said Michael in a lower voice. "You see the young gentleman wi' the sober face, yon with the purple gold-laced coat,"—

"Mr. Ashburnham!" gasped Olivia, below her breath.

"Ay, him, and no other."

"Come, Olivia," cried Kate Ormathwaite running up, "we are going to try our fortunes with the floating lights," and she clapped her hands as she saw a great basin set down and the walnut-shells set afloat,

each filled with oil and bearing its little light.

The rest of the gentlefolk gathered round the bowl; the girls leaning eagerly over each other's shoulders, and naming the tapers, and laughing, and blowing each other's vessels, that they might founder.

"Mr. Ashburnham's vessel is sinking. Oh, ma foi!" cried Katherine "twill perish! 'twill perish! blow softly, or it will be down. And see the other, the nameless one that hath followed Olivia's shell is coming alongside and helps it! Olivia's has joined them, and they all sail into port together, and the stranger's light goes out! L'inconnu, l'inconnu! Who is it? Confess, Olivia, confess who is thy secret flame!"

And peals of laughter followed. Ashburnham glanced one moment towards Olivia, but she had moved quickly away towards the hearth, and bent her head to listen to the remarks of one of the old women. Her fair face was troubled, and in the bright firelight he thought he saw her lips tremble. He strode to her side, but she neither raised her head nor looked his way. In another moment Mrs. Ormathwaite had taken Lord Ascham's arm and left the hall, followed by the others. When they reached the dining-room, the supper-table was spread, the fire burned warm and bright on the hearth, and through the long windows the moonlight fell in pale lines upon the carpet. The gaiety of the hall had infected the party, or else the genial effects of the supper-table were stimulating, for there was laughter and talk now. The girls were full of eagerness, discussing the old charms they had witnessed.

"There is one that I saw not to-night," said Mrs. Scrope, "which I have seen played with the happiest good fortune."

"Tell us how it is played, mamma," cried Miss Scrope, "pray tell us?"

"'Tis enacted with a leaf," said Mrs. Scrope, "each person takes a green leaf and pricks thereon the names of the person he does most affect, and then lays it under his pillow at night, and the next morning if the name appears fresh and radiant, then 'tis a sign that his love is happy and fortunate; but if it appears brown and sear, then 'tis an omen that his love will fade."

All were eager to try the charm; the bowl of flowers that graced the centre of the supper-table was ransacked, and with much laughter and merriment the names were pricked and the leaves laid away to be slept upon that night.

When they rose from the table, the vicar protested against the lateness of the hour.

"Nancy," he cried, turning to his wife, "the moon is near setting, and 'tis time we called the people up and departed home. A shepherd should surely lead his flock."

"The parson reminds us of our duty, which I for one had nigh forgotten in this good company," said his lordship. "'Tis a fine night, though cloudy," continued he, opening the window and looking out. "Colonel Hampden, will you favour me so far as to call my people? The most of them are mounted, and as we ride across the moors we will away together."

"We shall be goodly company," said Lord Ascham gaily, "and unless it be your jewels, madam," turning to Mrs. Pettigrew, "there will be little to tempt a moss-trooper among us."

"You know that this is 'lating night,' when all the witches are out on the moors," said Lydia; "your lordship had best change your sword for a taper, which they say wards off their wicked spells."

His lordship laughed. "Hecate herself should scarce bring me to that," said he, "and I fear no taper could live to-night in this gusty wind. Miss Ormathwaite," continued he, turning to Olivia, "have you no counter-charm to give us to protect us on our midnight journey?"

"With Dr. Pettigrew to set you on your way," said Olivia, "I think, my lord, you should need no further charm against evil."

"Listen, parson, to what this lady says," cried Lord Ascham; "but I will not be sufficed with a compliment paid to another. Olivia shall give me a keepsake, even if it be but a flower from her nosegay." And he bent towards her, and held out his hand as if to take one from those she wore.

"These are too faded to offer you, my lord," said Olivia, drawing back a step. "You shall have one from my grandmother's flower-pot, which is fresher." She picked a blossom from the bowl and handed it to the gentleman, who bowed, and placed it, with a somewhat disconcerted expression, in his button-hole.

Henry Ashburnham was standing near, and watched the scene with rather a solemn visage. A moment afterwards he turned to Colonel Hampden and bade him good-night.

"Nonsense, Ashburnham!" cried the Colonel. "Why talk of going now? What haste, sir, what haste! His lordship hath pressed me to return with him and lie to-night at his house, and prays you also to join us. Your horse is ready at the door, you say. Well, if you will not be persuaded!"

"I must ride homeward to-night," said Ashburnham. "I take a journey to-mor-

morrow, and must be up betimes." The ladies added their entreaties and protested against the danger of a lonely ride without a servant. "I carry trusty protection at my saddle-bow," said Ashburnham, "but I have no fear that I shall need it. Miss Ormathwaite," said he, turning quickly towards Olivia, "will not refuse to give me also a counter-charm to the witch-spells, against which my pistols would be but of little avail." Then, without waiting for a reply, he continued in a lower voice. "I can scarce deceive myself into believing that I am a welcome guest, and I would fain have spoken a private word with you this evening which might have excused my coming here unbidden." Olivia was silent. A quick pang shot through her heart. For what had he come? "Pray believe me, madam," said Mr. Ashburnham, with some bitterness of tone, for Olivia's silence was not reassuring. "Believe me that not the fondest desires for my own joy or advantage could ever make me obtrude myself upon your presence. My,—my,—nay it is nothing less than my duty as a gentleman that brings me here to-night."

He looked at her earnestly, as if he would fain speak more plainly, then bit his lip and was silent. Each word that Henry Ashburnham had spoken sank like a stone on the heart of Olivia. All the accumulated evidence of his treachery that she had heard that day flashed across her mind. He had come in haste to the north without the knowledge of his friends,—he had been seen that night before with the militia-men and the London spy,—he had appeared suddenly among them that night, and with his own lips declared that he came from duty, not from pleasure. Most damning proof of guilt! Perhaps the keenest pang of all to Olivia was added by the secret suspicion that jealous love for herself had been the blinding force that had led this man to regard an act of treachery as duty. She looked up at Henry Ashburnham with a face in which doubt, indignation, and some emotion stronger than either, struggled for the mastery; and as she looked, doubt, mistrust, all were swept away under a sudden tide of conviction. Against proof, against the evidence of his own words, her very soul rose up and declared him just, generous, and honourable.

"Oh, sir!" cried Olivia, "I know not what to say. You are a Hanoverian, and hold that to be your duty which I have been taught to believe disloyalty and sin. I have distrusted you; and forgive me," she said, looking wistfully into his face, "I distrust you still!" Never was unflattering untruth

more truthfully or sweetly uttered. Mr. Ashburnham was about to respond quickly, when he was interrupted by the approach of Lord Ascham. Olivia drew from the bowl of flowers that stood near her a white rose and a spray of mountain holly, and held them towards Mr. Ashburnham.

"The bowl is nearly empty," she said, "there is scarce a blossom left." You must take your choice of these last that remain."

Was it that the thought of a white rose crushed between the pages of a spelling-book rose to Ashburnham's mind? for after a moment's hesitation he said, "He is happy who receives the first white rose, which may well betoken favour; but the second can but be a badge. I am a Hanoverian, as you say, and I cannot wear it. No; the holly, with all its thorns, must be for me!" And he took the spray.

Miss Ormathwaite's hand, holding the rejected rose, dropped to her side, and Henry Ashburnham, without a word, strode from the room. He must have ridden off somewhat hastily, for when two or three of the young people gathered at the window,—for the night was warm spite of the sweeping gusts of wind,—and watched the departing guests as they mounted their horses and prepared for their long ride, Mr. Ashburnham was not among them.

"Good night!" called Colonel Hampden from below. "We make a brave company. 'Tis a pity Ashburnham would not join us. I faith, he must have some pressing business on hand to make him give up our company, to haste home by the valley road, for such a night as this it must be as black as Erebus!"

"Good night! good night!" and the little troop started. The sounds of the horses' hoofs and the voices of the riders died away into the still night air, and the flickering lights of the lanterns faded into the darkness as they wound down the mountain road.

The rest of the party gathered round the fire once more. Katherine threw herself into a low chair, and Jack Scrope sat at her feet. Ensign Harry Hamden, a slim youth arrayed in the finest of new uniforms, knelt on the hearth under the shadow of Lydia Scrope's fan, and set the nuts in line before the glowing embers. There was laughter and whispering as the nuts were named, and occasionally screams from the girls as the burning nuts flew from the bars and fell among their spreading skirts.

Olivia left the group on the hearth and accompanied her grandmother to her room, where they were joined by Mrs. Scrope in a dressing-gown and sacque and most uncompromising night-cap.

"I have just sent Lubbins away as I met her at your door," said Mrs. Scrope to the old lady. "I am going to be your waiting-woman to-night, and have a comfortable talk while I help you to bed. Olivia, child, go down to the rest and bid them by no means stay longer than an hour over their nut-burning."

When Olivia returned to the drawing-room she found Lydia just beginning a ghost story.

"Here, Olivia, here is a place by me!" cried more than one. "She is just beginning her tale. Hush now! Go on, Lydia, go on!"

Harry Hampden began some expostulations; but was instantly silenced by his sister, who laid her hand on his lips.

"Never mind him, Lydia!" cried she. "Harry has never a mind to hear anything but his own voice; heed him not, my dear!"

Lydia traced out the pattern of a flower on her braced dress for a moment, and then, folding her hands together on her knees, began:—

"There was a party gathered one Hallowe'en. They sat round the fire burning nuts and telling stories just as we do to-night. One among them was a lady newly betrothed, the gayest, the proudest, the most beautiful of them all. Her lover sat by her side. Her wild and wilful ways had often given him a heart-ache, but he loved her dearly. Some one among the party dared her to go and cast the reel through a high staircase window that looked down on a dark plantation. You know that the one who tries this charm must stand at a window alone, while the clocks toll for midnight, and, throwing the reel, must wind the thread upon her hand, and call three times; and at the third time, if her heart fail not, they say, her future bridegroom will answer from below. The lady that I tell you of sprang up, and said that she would go, for that she feared nothing in this world or the next, and though her lover prayed her to remain, she still persisted. "And you shall see," she said, "whether you have a rival!" She took a light in her hand, and went alone up the staircase. When she reached the casement she stood still and waited, minute after minute, minute after minute, till the clock sounded the first stroke of twelve, and then she flung the reel far down into the darkness, and began to wind the thread. 'Who is there?' she cried. And all was still, for the very wind seemed to pause and listen to her call. And again she called, 'Who's there?' And this time there came

a soft and smothered sound from below, as though one fetched a heavy sigh. The lady's hand grew cold, and her breath came short; but she had a dauntless spirit, and said, 'Tis but the night wind in the trees.' And just as the last stroke of the hour had sounded she called aloud for the third time, 'Who is there?' And in the stillness an awful voice came up from the darkness, saying, 'I am here.'

"The lady shrieked and fled down the stairs, but when she entered the room again, where her companions were sitting in the pleasant fire-light, she was pale and cold as a corpse; and when her lover ran to meet her, she held him off and stared at him as if she scarcely knew him.

"After that night she was changed. A secret fire within her seemed burning her away. Her old, wild temper was gone, and her proud spirit drooped day by day, and the next Hallowe'en she lay a-dying. All through the night she lay as if asleep; but when the clock began to toll for midnight she looked up, and like one startled and afraid, she panted in a failing voice, 'Who is there? who is there?' and ever louder, 'Who is there?' and as the last stroke sounded, with a shriek she fell back dead. Then they knew who the bridegroom was who had called her when she threw the reel. The bridegroom's name was Death."

Jenny Hampden shrieked and threw her arms about her sister, and some of the other faces had grown paler, for Lydia had pronounced the last sentence in a whisper that made the flesh creep.

"Hush! hush! Be not a fool, Jenny!" said Ensign Harry. "'Tis all folly, child. All these tales of ghosts and spirit are made up to frighten silly women."

"Silly woman!" cried Lydia, giving that young gentleman's well-curled head a sharp rap with her fan. "Silly women, indeed! Don't prate to me about idle stories, sir, when I know a gentleman that would not cross Thornhill-rig after night-fall last November, for fear of poor Dixon's ghost that haunts the spot!"

"On my life!" cried Harry, "I cared nothing for Dixon's ghost. I own I had no mind to cross the rig, but it was because I was there on duty, and knew some things it was not my place to discover," continued the gallant ensign with some grandeur of manner, "There were plenty of Jacobite wretches who would have thought nothing of shooting a king's officer from behind a stone wall, the base cowards! And being on duty,"—

"Bravo, Harry!" cried Katherine, "'tis a mighty good defence! It is a pity thou hadst not been bred to the law, for thou wouldst make a better pleader than soldier, I fancy."

"Discretion is the better half of valour with cousin Hal," said Jack Scrope in a whisper to Katherine.

"Oh!" said little Jenny, who regarded her slender brother with the devotion of an Antigone; "oh, dear brother! I marvel you did not fear the ghost. I would rather have met five Jacobites than one ghost; for Jacobites are but men after all."

"Pray cease to talk of Jacobites, for goodness' sake," cried Miss Katherine; "we hear enough of all that in Kendal. 'Tis the talk at my mother's tea-table every evening; and Dr. Boreham hath preached every Sunday since I came home about our duty to our gracious sovereign lord King George; and how the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender are always in alliance. Heigho! I would rather hear Lydia's ghost stories than listen to Dr. Boreham's sermons."

"I will tell no more stories," said Lydia, pouting. "But though you may all laugh at them, I know in your secret hearts you believe them. Olivia, though she sits so demure and silent in the corner there, can tell you whether there be ghosts, or no, and why no one loves the Long Chamber in the east wing!"

"What is that? what is that?" "Tell us, Olivia!" cried several voices at once.

"You have all heard a hundred times that the Long Chamber is haunted," said Olivia hastily; "but do not let us talk of such things to-night."

"To be sure, I have heard about it often enough," cried Lydia, "and that no one in the house dare go along the east wing after nightfall, and that the Long Chamber is always closed, for none of the maids will set foot within the threshold to sweep or dust it. It is the ghost of old Mrs. Greyrigg, they say, who walks there in a long trailing dress. You can rarely see her; but many have felt the wafted air as she passed, and heard the rustle of her train."

"It would be good sport to go and visit the old lady," said Jack Scrope, "and see how she would like the company of her descendants."

"To be sure. I say, who will go?" said Katherine's younger brother, Roger, whom, however, nobody minded much, he being only a school-boy.

"Foolish child; who ever heard of a ghost appearing to more than one person

at a time?" said Lydia, who seemed to be an authority on matters supernatural.

"If one goes, I think it should be Master Harry," said Jack Scrope, "seeing that he cares not for ghosts. He only fears Jacobites, you know; and he will scarce meet one there, I fancy."

"Do not, I pray you!" cried Olivia, leaning from the corner where she sat in the shadow of the chimney-piece; "do not entertain such folly," she cried, in a tone of almost trembling earnestness.

"Do you fear the ghost so much, Olivia? Your hands are quite cold and your face is as white as your lace."

"Well," said Ensign Harry, who evidently wished to retrieve his reputation for courage. "I say, let those who are afraid bide here, and the rest go and visit our ancestress in the Long Chamber. I for one have no mind to give up the adventure. If Olivia fears to lead the way"—

"No, Harry, no; I am not afraid," said Olivia hastily, and rising to her feet; "but I think it would be little of an adventure for us to go together. What say you to our going one at a time to eat the apple before the long mirror that hangs above the old toilette-table? 'Tis one of the charms of Hallowe'en."*

"Bravo!" cried several at once; "it is a capital invention, Olivia. But who shall go first?"

"I—I will go first," said Olivia. "I have a mind to try the charm."

"Go not, go not, dearest Olivia!" cried little Jane, rising from her crouching position on the rug to her knees, and clinging to her cousin's skirts.

Olivia drew her dress from her hands. "I would rather go than have thy gold necklace, dear Jane," she said.

"I protest I shall die of fright when my turn comes," said Kate, shuddering deeper into the arm-chair in which she was seated.

"You shall take John Scrope with you, Kate," said Lydia, laughing, "and so provide for the fulfilment of the charm."

"No one shall follow me," said Olivia. "Promise me that, all of you, before I go."

"I will see to it, Olivia, that they play no tricks upon you; and I swear that no one shall leave this room till you return," said Harry, "if you will promise to go to the haunted room."

* This charm is still played in Scotland and the north of England. It is said that if a young girl stands alone before a mirror at midnight on Hallowe'en and eats an apple, combing her hair as she repeats the charm, the face of her destined bridegroom appears looking over her left shoulder.

"I promise," said Olivia. "Come Harry, give me a light and the apple, and I will soon return; and Kate, if she have a mind, may try her fortune."

Her hand was steady as she took the light, but a troubled eagerness shone in her eyes.

"Bravo, Olivia!" cried her cousin. "Tell me who you see over your shoulder in the haunted chamber, and present him with the service of your cousin Harry to command."

They all gathered at the door, and watched her as she passed up the wide staircase. The light, which she held a little raised to light the gloom of the passage beyond shone on her round arm and the long and shining folds of her pale-tinted dress, and for a moment on her face, as, on the topmost stair, she turned and looked back with a smile, though her cheek was pale as the rose upon her bosom. They watched the light flit along the dim gallery and fade into the darkness beyond, and then they gathered round the fire again to wait for her return.

The smile had quickly faded from Olivia's face as she turned away. She gathered up her sweeping dress, and after a hurried glance behind her, as if in dread that some of her gay companions had followed her, she moved on as one in fear and haste. As she hurried along the passage running the length of the east wing, a sudden sound in the shrubbery below the window caught her ear. She listened eagerly. Was it the sound of horses' hoofs trotting briskly along the mossy leaf-strewn path that led to the open moor? Was it possible that one of the guests of the hall had lingered so late, and was only now making his way homeward? She shaded the light with her hand, lest its gleam might catch the eye of the rider, who so'er he were, and hurried on till she stood at the door of the Long Chamber. She glanced down the passage and paused a moment, and then with a steady hand, but softly, she knocked three times. She stood with her hand upon the lock, as if expecting from within an instant summons to enter that ghostly chamber. All was still. She knocked again, and with increasing energy. No answer. And again she knocked; and this time, when there was still silence, her breath came thick and short; she stooped with her ear to the keyhole. She turned the handle with trembling fingers and entered. The Long Chamber was silent as the grave. There stood the sombre curtained bed, the old gilt toilette-table, the long mirror; the depth of the room was in deep shade; the candle in her hand scarce served to light the

gloom around her. "Robert! Robert! Robert!" she cried, in a terrified whisper; "speak to me,—where are you?" But there was no reply. The heavy curtain of one of the windows swayed softly. Olivia had forgotten personal fear under the force of more urgent emotion. She went towards the window, and the night-wind gently met her face,—the shutters and the window were thrown wide open! She stood a moment, her eyes dilating with terror. On the table beneath the mirror lay some torn fragments of paper, as if the remains of a letter half finished and abandoned in haste. A few hastily-scribbled words in French, her own name, and "adieu," alone were visible.

"He has been taken!" she cried. "Oh, my God, he has been betrayed!" Her hands fell to her side, she stared before her, and met the vision of her own scared and wan face in the mirror, and at that instant she saw the curtains of the window reflected in the glass behind her swing apart, and a man's figure spring lightly into the room. With a cry she turned, and stood face to face with,—Henry Ashburnham! There was a pause of mutual consternation. Ashburnham stood as one petrified, her last word "betrayed" ringing in his ears. A deep flush rose to his cheek, and then his face grew pale.

"I dare not ask you, madam, why you are here," he said coldly. "I can only pray you to pardon my having witnessed your presence in this place. The object of your solicitude is in safety."

"Where is my kinsman, Mr. Ashburnham? What have you done with him?"

"'Tis best for him, — for you, — believe me, that he is away from here, but his whereabouts at this moment I cannot disclose."

"Does your presence account for his absence?" she said slowly, and the colour rose and fell in her face as she spoke. "Is this the business that brought you here to-night?"

He bowed an affirmative.

"You have taken him away?"

"Yes; but trust me —"

"'Tis enough, — enough," cried Olivia, holding up her hand as if to command silence. "Whatever were your opinions, I have always thought you, — thought you, — an honourable gentleman till to-night."

"What have I done that you should not so regard me? What do you find me now?"

"A Whig, Mr. Ashburnham, — a Whig!" cried Olivia, and turned to leave the room.

"One word, I entreat, in common justice, Olivia!" he said.

"No, no!" she cried with sudden passion; "'tis best for us to speak no more together to-night, nor meet,—no, never, never, never, any more!"

He stood stupefied a moment before the glowing and passionate girl, and was silent. That she had loved Robert Gresham he had long thought, but that she should show such bitterness and disappointment was strange, when every hour he had been there he had been in mortal danger. But then, not knowing where Robert was, and having received as yet no word or message of farewell from him, she doubtless suffered the tortures of remorse and wounded affection.

"I would give the best thing I have to save you an hour's heartache," he said; "and by this night's work I thought only to to pluck away a thorn. I knew of dangers that threatened Captain Gresham, of which you could not know. I knew his only safety lay in flight, and I hastened down from London to prepare your—cousin for the plans that I had made. He goeth with a trusty gentleman, his friend and mine. But just now I led him by the narrow woodland path to the spot where my friend was awaiting him,—with my black hunter, Ned, who will stop at no fence or brook between here and Whitehaven; and together I saw them start on their four hours' ride across the moors. To-morrow he will lie by in a place of safety, now ready for his reception at Whitehaven; there I shall join him, and together we embark for France. It is very safely planned. The militia are, fortunately, drawn off the scent, and there is nought to fear. The well-known whiggery of his companion," added Mr. Ashburnham, with some bitterness in his tone, "will scarce be a disadvantage to the undertaking. I have known of his hiding for some days past. He feared to disclose to you the fact that means were being taken for his flight, lest it should implicate you were our plans discovered. I would willingly have confided the fact to you this evening, but,—but your manner denied approach. It but remains for me to hand you this letter, which I was entrusted to lay upon the table here. The contents are unknown to me."

Olivia trembled under the rising force of strong emotion. Her lips moved as she took the letter, but no sound issued from them. Henry Ashburnham looked at her a moment, and then turned quickly away.

"With your leave," he said, "I will gather together some letters which Captain Gresham left in the haste of his departure,

and which he prayed me to bring him, if I could with safety procure them." And he crossed the room and opened the drawer in the table. Olivia bent over her letter. It was the fair copy, the perfected result of the attempt that lay in fragments on the table. The letter ran as follows:—

"Ma cousine toujours adorée!

"Je t'écris de nouveau, mais ce n'est que te dire adieu! Ce monsieur m'a sauvé la vie deux fois. C'est une âme grande, généreuse! Il est digne du plus grand bonheur. Adieu, Olivia, adieu! J'ai tout perdu. Il ne reste rien à perdre!

"Ton cousin bani,

"R. G. de la C."

Mr. Ashburnham still stood with his back towards Olivia, busily collecting and tying up poor Captain Robert's papers. They were by no means in order; but though he straightened them, and folded them with characteristic precision and care, Mr. Ashburnham's mind was not entirely occupied with his work. He thought of the letter Olivia was reading, full, no doubt, of the tenderness and triumph of a successful lover, even though it was to say farewell. Would she read it to the end in his presence? Would she cut short this painful interview, and leave the room without even a word? There was nothing more to be said or done, or hoped for. Of course not. A sound behind him made him start and turn. "Olivia!"

She had crossed the room, and stood beside him. The letter had fallen on the floor; she was holding out her hands and looking up with tearful, pleading eyes. "I have done you wrong," she said. "I did not apprehend your goodness. Forgive"—And the tears flowed and drowned the struggling words.

His hands shook as he held hers, but he answered cheerfully: "I have done nothing, nothing; no gentleman could have done less. Pray, pray be not so troubled. Pardon me if I have discovered your secret. I shall never betray it. 'Tis a bitter knowledge to me; but hardest to bear here in your presence, while I see your tears,—while I hold your hand in mine. Olivia, Olivia! Oh, I could die for you, I think, but I cannot stay here!"

But Olivia's hands still clasped his and detained him. She strove to speak; she looked one moment into his face. "I have no secret," she cried, with a sob; "no secret but,—but that"—And then, half in shame to hide her face, and half bewildered by the tide, so long restrained, that bore her towards him, her head drooped

till her soft cheek touched his hand; and suddenly even before he had time to take her to his heart, he felt that, with the tears which bathed his hand, a kiss had also fallen.

There was a sound of footsteps and voices in the gallery outside. The door burst open, and the whole party from the drawing-room, who had grown impatient, and then alarmed, at Olivia's long absence, stood, with amazement depicted on their faces, in the doorway. The laughter and raillery that followed any one may imagine.

"No wonder cousin Olive was not afraid of the ghost," said little Jenny, "when she found a gallant gentleman like Mr. Ashburnham waiting to look over her shoulder in the mirror."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jack Scrope, "that was what made Ashburnham in such a hurry to leave us to-night, and refuse to return with my lord and the parson. To play the ghost up here, eh?"

"I' faith," whispered Ensign Harry, "I should scarce have thought he was plotting Hallowe'en tricks to-night, to have judged by his glum looks."

Mr. Ashburnham stood the raillery and the questions that assailed him on all sides very well. The young ladies made him show them the way by which he climbed to the window, and he exhibited some presence of mind in the defence he made of his adventure.

"I had often heard," said he, "of this room, and how it was haunted; and I knew, from what I heard at supper, that some charms were to be played to-night, and thought, perchance, this room might be chosen, from its ghostly character, to be the scene of them. And when, from the shrubbery, I saw a light here in the window, was it not likely that my curiosity should have been aroused, and that I should have yielded to the temptation offered by the ivy of climbing to the window? But,"—and he blushed and bowed very low as he spoke,— "it was, indeed, far beyond my hopes to have found Miss Ormathwaite with the apple in her hand before the mirror."

Olivia was silent. She was glad of the construction they put on the adventure. Not till many months afterwards when Captain Gresham's fortunes had taken a sudden and unexpected turn, and the clouds of the storm of 1716 had entirely cleared away, did the full truth of the story of the "Long Chamber" come to light.

When Mr. Ashburnham stood ready to mount the next morning, he was observed to wear a piece of mountain holly in his button-hole. "You have chosen a strange favour, Mr. Ashburnham," said Lydia, who, with Olivia, stood within the porch. "You had best change it for one of the flowers that still bloom in the garden below the high hedge."

"It is too late to change it now," said Mr. Ashburnham, with a smile. "And," he added, "I have fastened it here so firmly that 'twill scarce be removed."

"I would never wear holly," said Lydia; "'tis a prickly, cross-grained thing!" And she turned to gather some sprays from a late-blooming honeysuckle that grew near.

"I have a long journey before me," said Ashburnham, turning quickly to Olivia; "but I go with a light heart. My holly will last green and fresh longer than any blossom. Will it not, Olivia?"

She sighed though a smile was on her lips. "It was given and taken almost in anger," she said. "God grant that your journey may not be rough and dangerous, for it is but a poor parting token."

"I would change it for no flower that blows," he said. "And see it bath already, by the charm of true love, turned to a badge of peace." And he bent towards her and showed her how, on every leaf, according to the usage of Hallowe'en he had traced the name he loved the best,—the name of Olivia. "If my life were to be rough and thorny as this spray, my dear," he said, "I would accept it joyfully if it but bore this name to charm it into joy and peace." And he pressed the holly to his lips.

TO THE MOON.

O FULL-GROWN MOON! I scan thy simple face
Appearing as the Almanack foretold,
And shedding beauty on the meanest place,
On tower and tree, on window-pane and wold;
On mariners becalmed in Southern seas,
Where dolphins play athwart thy lane of light,
On lawyers toiling till the dawn for fees,

On clown and king, on GLADSTONE and on
BRIGHT;

And as I gaze, I ponder—Canst thou know
How frequent thou hast shone in rhyme and lay,
By bards addressed who faded long ago,
By poets sung who "pipe and trill" to-day,
By rare old HOMER in the mythic age,
By me, this week, in *Punch's* famous page?

From The Examiner.
VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.*

THERE is of necessity in newspaper composition, no matter what the importance or the dignity of the subject, something of an ephemeral character. Every topic is treated from the point of view in which it presents itself at the moment; and is tinged rather with the excited feelings of a struggling combatant than with the calm philosophy of one who from a safe distance contemplates the issue of battle. Arguments are based upon imperfect or unreliable information, and upon data which, true to-day, may prove false to-morrow. We all know how the hero of the hour may turn out a very sorry fellow indeed, and how the *éméute* which is condemned, or the rebellion which is lamented, in the end develops into the revolution, on the success of which we rejoice and congratulate the world. It has been said that in fifty years hence the student who wants to read the history of the present day should turn to the columns of the *Times*, but we fancy he will be sadly puzzled to reconcile either the confused and contradictory paragraphs conveyed through Mr. Reuter's successive telegrams, or the views expressed and prophecies hazarded from day to day in the editorial articles of the leading journal. It will only be by the most careful winnowing, or by a laborious separating of grain and chaff, and above all, by comparison of the opinions and conclusions of writers of different shades of thought, that the truth will be effectually got at. For a long time after the battle of Balaclava Englishmen could not quite make up their minds whether the late Lord Cardigan should have been worshipped as a hero or reprobated as something very like the reverse of a hero; and it took Mr. Kinglake over ten years before he could quite solve the problem, and was enabled to arrive at the conclusion that his lordship was neither one nor the other, but simply a brave soldier, devoid of the judgment of a general. As with individuals, so with political events, the writer of contemporary history takes but a one-sided and restricted view of his subject; and it argues a very sound and well-balanced mind, and a steady purpose on the part of a political writer, when his impressions, as recorded day by day through a series of years, are, in after times, found to be pervaded by one consistent idea, inspired by one unchanging

principle, and pointing to one intelligible aim, closely pursued throughout the shifting and varying conditions of passing events.

Whether or not we agree in all Lord Strangford's views, we feel that a deep and practical study of Eastern affairs enabled him to speak with great weight upon one of the most complicated questions of the day. His writings are, accordingly, characterised by an earnestness and consistency which men of less faith and less profundity of thought and knowledge could vainly hope to attain; and, although we must regret that his untimely death prevented him from carrying out his intention of reproducing his periodical contributions to the press in the form of a connected narrative, the editor, who in a modest and graceful Preface apologises for the imperfect manner in which she has performed "what she believes to be her duty, under the pressure of an overwhelming sorrow," may rest assured that the two volumes before us will prove not only instructive and interesting to the public, but will tend to raise the reputation of a writer whose rare merits were, during his lifetime, insufficiently appreciated.

The opening paper, "Chaos," originally appended to Lady Strangford's "Eastern Shores of the Adriatic," is a very fair sample of Lord Strangford's best style. It abounds in learning, is full of strong common-sense views and close reasoning, and sparkles with wit and humour. Here is the story of an Austrian bank-note; did these potent facts ever strike an Englishman when cursing paper money at Vienna, and upholding nationalities?

Most of my readers, in these days of universal travel, will have been in the Austrian empire at some time of their lives. They will perhaps remember, that on their first entrance even the smooth but inexorable routine of the ordeal by passports yielded in importance to the necessity of having to procure and understand a new currency. At all the frontiers—Bodenbach or Orsova, Salzburg or Trieste, everywhere except Peschiera, against which the very currency cries out as an unfit frontier—the traveller bound for the interior of the Kaiser's broad lands has to exchange his good metal for unmanageable bundles of frail, and not often clean, bank-notes. These are for amounts varying from a pound to twopence; so that all the small circulation of the country, the work of our shillings and sixpences, is done by twopenny bank-notes. The Englishman who has to invest his money in great sheets of these, arranged like sheets of postage stamps, or still more resembling in shape and arrangement the slab-like compartments of stamped gingerbread which formed his childhood's delight, indulges his humour, and falls into a vein of joking both obvious and inevitable. Yet

* A Selection from the Writings of Viscount Strangford upon Political, Geographical, and Social Subjects. Edited by Viscountess Strangford. Bentley.

there is more in a ten kreuzer note than the suggestion of finance in difficulties, or the chaff of having a bank-note for twopence. On taking it up, you may see it traversed in all directions by groups of extraordinary words, which at first seem as though the people at the Vienna Mint had been trying to spell the word *crackjaw* in as many different ways as they could, and had perfectly succeeded. It then comes home as a living reality to the mind how thoroughly the Austrian empire is a composite body, formed of twenty nations and more, each having to be addressed in one of twenty languages, and all standing towards one another in every conceivable variety of mutual attraction and repulsion, accord or discord. There are enough of them to allow even a certain amount of philological art and tastefulness of grouping, a couple of Romanic forms on one side, and a couple of Slavonic on the other; while in the central place of honour the old-fashioned letters of the German ruler stand solitary and dominant over all.

Every one of these words, uncouth and strange as they seem to English eyes, is the symbol of an idea living and working in the hearts of millions of men. The political struggles of ages, the victories and defeats of their past history, the absorption or obliteration of old races and the development of new ones, the fusion or separation of varied nationalities, the hopes and the fears, the aspirations and the designs of a score of half-cemented fragments of the great human unity, are all here traced in clear and distinct characters to the eyes of those capable of perceiving and understanding them. Is there any one among us who is capable of so understanding them, and who can reduce into an orderly whole the mutual bearings of the entire conflicting mass? I cannot undertake to answer this question. Some separate parts of it are clear enough, and lie patent on the surface. We want no one to tell us what the words "*dieci soldi*" mean on an Austrian bank-note: we know how they got there, and all true Englishmen are anxious to know how they can be most easily struck out without a European convulsion: those who have resided in Venice can hardly refrain from saying even with one. We have not much trouble in guessing that the words "*Zece cruceri*" suggest a speech and a nation which would be Italian if it could. We regret that it cannot, and we naturally lament the hundreds of miles which separate the people of the lower Danube from their nearest kinsmen over the head of the Adriatic. Then, perhaps, by its very solitude and utter want of connection with any of its neighbours, we can determine where to assign the group, "*Tiz eziist kraiczar*;" the utterance of a great people, perhaps the noblest race of eastern Europe, standing apart, defiant and determined. But who on earth is to stretch a guiding hand and help the plain Englishman through the dreadful labyrinth of "*Deset krajarjew*," and "*Deset krajaru*," and "*Deset kraicari*," and "*Deset krajarah*," and so on, ringing the changes on the

genitive plural through a score of Slavonic dialects, each representing its own sectional ideas and its own party statement? Why, of character alone there are four varieties. There is modern Roman type, and there is old Gothic type; there is a modern Cyrillic writing, and there is a weird mysterious group of letters, which are to modern Cyrillic what old Gothic black letter is to Roman, and which probably is a financial way of letting everybody know that the Ruthenian peasant, in the eye of the Austrian Government, must not have the same written language as his Polish lord. Perhaps one form may be recognized out of all these by the sheer unsightliness of its spelling — "*Dziesie kraicarrow*" — with its strange hook, denoting the archaic nasal sound now lost in all the other dialects, and so precious in the eyes of the comparative philologist. Let us turn quickly away from this: it is no more possible to look a Polish word than a Polish man in the face; nothing but disquiet and anxiety can come out of thinking on a nation of patriots so gallant and so doubly eluded and abandoned.

The prevailing ignorance in this country of Turkish affairs, the difficulty, we would almost say the impossibility, of arriving at a correct conclusion on the merest matters of fact when once involved in the whirlpool of "the Eastern question," and the lamentable result of this state of things, are again and again illustrated by one of the three or four Englishmen in the world capable of speaking on this subject with authority: —

If Turkish dominion is to be upheld, the subject races of Turkey must be understood, and must receive intelligent and disciplined sympathy from us. If not, and the country falls to pieces, or is shattered to pieces, we must call persons into existence to explain to us the disorder and the chaos which will arise, for few or none such now exist. I speak for the public as well as for the Government; the public does not know which way to turn in Turkish matters even in quiet times, this way and that way dividing its not very swift mind, or drifting with the words of the latest clever man from the clubs and drawing-rooms, fresh from Siluria and Pisidia. But to whom is it to turn for guidance in the turmoil of a chaos, in the agony of a struggle for life among all the various races of Turkey, the destruction of the old and less favoured forms of national life, and the development of new ones under the process of natural selection? Whatever the issue may be, active work or passive observation, influence will be wanted in one case, knowledge in the other; and under either contingency, real knowledge and influence can only be obtained by the increased employment of Englishmen. With a body of English gentlemen of the true kind in the public service, ambassadors and consuls dare not play juggling tricks in their despatches, or suppress truth to order, as they are rightly or

wrongly alleged to do; nor, in the face of their official reports, would mere declamation for declamation's sake dare to sustain itself for an instant. Before men of this kind, we should have our theorists and doctrinaires more respectful of special knowledge and more cautious than they are now; and they would perhaps abstain from seeking to tear open the Turkish chrysalis with their untrained hands in order to fledge the Christian butterflies. And from such men, whose insight will be directed to the ideal as well as to the material life of a nation, it is possible that the Greek and the Armenian and the Bulgarian may learn that there is a voice and a power in our nineteenth century England which all the City Articles and Mark Lane Expresses in the world cannot explain to him. He will learn that there is a greater idea in the world than imperial power, for power's sake; and he will hear that even that power is only to be obtained by those qualities of self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control which he has not got. And it is from our precepts as well as our example that I trust all will rise equal to the great fortune which is in store for them with patience and opportunity, and that the future page of their history will be inscribed with no records but those of —

“Freedom, broadening slowly down
From precedent to precedent.”

Here is one of those brilliant “Occasional Notes” which helped to establish the reputation of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

The Turks, who were received in 1856 into the happy family of our European diplomacy, are in a fair way of qualifying themselves for reception into our social family likewise, it would seem. The commoner manifestations of this we all know, and we are getting accustomed to the yearly repetition of the story which sets forth the appearance of some great Ottoman lady unveiled at St. James's or the Tuileries, who turns out to have been a Greek or Armenian all the while. The alleged translation of the “New-comer” into Turkish by a Pasha's wife, which went the round of our literary journals some years ago, was certainly a great advance, if not in Ottoman civilization, at least in Western records of the same. We will not call such a translation impossible, remembering as we do that a Cambridge man did, once actually turn a page of the “Post-office” Directory into Latin hexameters for an inducement; but we may say that it was improbable, and we do say that it was untrue. And now we hear of the second astrologer of the Palace committing suicide after a mixed Aryan and Turanian fashion—cutting his throat as the English do, and disembowelling himself as the Japanese do; the respective priority of these events not being chronicled by the narrator. He found his life intolerable under the smart of various bitter and stinging articles, ridiculing and showing up his astrological science, which appeared in a Turkish newspaper. This sensi-

tiveness is ancient Greek rather than modern European, reminding us of the story of Archilochus and Hipponax, and may doubtless be considered as inherent in the once classical soil of Turkey. But the Turkish newspaper is only Turkish in its outer-dress, and skin-deep. The *Jerideh i Havadis*, a paper of respectable antiquity as things go in the East, is edited and in some measure written by Mr. Alfred Churchill. After all, it is a triumph for an Englishman, and a new and strange feather in the “Anglo Saxon” cap, to have driven a Mahometan astrologer to suicide by a leading article in Turkish. We wish Mr. Churchill would come over here and try his hand at once in Scotch; but prophets and vial-conjurors are not so sensitive as this north of the Tweed. If ridicule could kill, where would Dr. Cumming be by this time?

In anticipation of the Sultan's visit to England we are informed “what an Oriental thinks of English hospitality:”—

Hajji Mohammed of Tehran was a Persian merchant who seems to have traded to India some time in the last century. He took up his abode in that country, where he begat Mirza Khalil. When the Mirza grew up he fell among English, and ended by earning his rupees as a moonshee or language-master to that infidel people. He seems to have found his way to England at last, some fifty years ago; and this is what he wrote to his friends about the hospitality that wandering Orientals are in the habit of receiving in England. “It is not concealed,” he says, “from personages of intelligence and consideration, that the persons of high birth of Persia and the good-dispositioned of Hindostan are very attentive and obliging to strangers and travellers, and are celebrated through the whole world for their hospitality and liberality; but the distinguished ones of this country (*i. e.* England) do not think much of this praiseworthy quality, except the exalted Irish, who are bountiful as the ocean, and constantly gallop the steel of perseverance over the road of this laudable virtue, and ever keep spread the table of comfort and kindness for strangers.” Taken as buffonery—and that is unavoidable in taking a sober-sided Philistine translation as we find it—this is certainly very exquisite fooling. But the beauty of it is its literal truth. It would do so perfectly as a motto to Mr. Arnold's collected Celtic studies, in the very spirit of which it is conceived.

Here are we in London, just at this moment deliberating on this very question of public hospitality, acknowledging our inadequate means, deploring them, accounting for them, explaining them away, referring them to this, that, and the other cause; in fact, doing everything but devising the best way of supplying their deficiency. The Belgian volunteers are coming, but who knows what to do with them, unless it be Mr. E. T. Smith, of Cremorne—a man who has his ideal of human life, and realizes it? The Sultan is coming, but who has the remotest idea what to do with him either, unless it be to have

half a brick at him for being a sick man? And it is more than probable that we shall end by having no less a personage than the Shah of Persia himself, the King of Kings and Asylum of the Universe, who is said to be coming over to Paris, if he can make sure of not finding his palace gate slammed in his face on his return by some one of his thousand and one uncles and cousins. What, in the name of fortune, can we do with him, unless we quarter him bodily on Sir Henry Rawlinson, which indeed is the only thing to do? We cannot quarter the Sultan in that fashion upon Lord Stratford, for his Majesty would probably look on that proceeding much as an Eton boy would if he were invited to spend a half-holiday in the head master's private study, with birch to right, and Greek Grammar to left; and he would certainly go back in a humour for that massacre of Christians which is expected of him. But if Dublin, and not London, were the capital of the empire, is it not certain that the quick wit and overflowing sympathetic nature of the "exalted Irish" would at once find means of making them all enjoy their visit, and putting them in good humour with themselves and all things — volunteers, Sophy, Grand Seigneur, and all? Remembering the fate of Abd-el-Kader on his visit here, we really think there will be nothing for it but for an Irish firm to take the matter up and contract for the job. As for Mirza Khalil, he deserves a monument for his observation.

Constitutional terror and a strange and unwarlike distrust of himself combined to keep Lord Strangford out of the turmoil of public life, and to deprive his country of counsel which might at a critical juncture have been brought to bear upon Eastern questions with important results. How far more shallow and less modest men may have availed themselves of his great knowledge and experience, acquired by hard and unremitting study for the best part of his life, we are not in a position to say; but no one can read his productions without feeling how capable he was of instructing; how keen were his powers of observation; and how warm his sympathies. As an Eastern scholar he held a place second to none — yet his writings show that he was no indifferent observer of political events quite unconnected with his favourite studies. His letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, dated 26th July, 1866, and called "A Peer's Protest," though couched in a playful tone, is so full of sound practical wisdom and good feeling, that we cannot resist the temptation of concluding our notice by quoting it *in extenso* : —

Sir, — I am a very quiet and, I believe, inoffensive man, whose only wish in life is to be allowed to sit in a corner out of other people's way and read books. But it has come to pass,

through no fault of my own, that I have found myself of late years in possession of a handle to my name. I am a lord, in short; but I am not a warlike lord, nor a fire-annihilating lord, nor a game-preserving lord, nor a Temple-haunting lord, nor a bishop-making lord, nor a cock-fighting lord, nor anything but the most entirely insignificant of lords — content to remain unknown, and successful in self-effacement, as you may see for yourself by the enclosed card. You can never have heard of me by any chance, unless haply it be in connection with the Pneumatic Society, or the Ethnymological Society, or the Sogiological Society, obscurely learned bodies whereof I have the honour of being a member. I vow and declare that I am utterly unconscious of having given offence to any human being within the said bodies, and as for human beings outside of them I never see any, and don't want to. Well, Sir, I had occasion to drive across Hyde Park on the afternoon of Tuesday, the day after the storm, in company with my wife, who, as is her wont, was giving me, who am somewhat infirm of foot, the benefit of a lift to my club — a literary club as harmless and colourless as myself. When fairly in the park, I found that though the great storm was over, the waves were very far from having gone down: angry little surface-waves, different enough from the grand natural heaving of the true popular sea. I found myself the object of much unfriendly, not to say unsavoury, greeting on the part of a large crowd, being indeed hooted and yelled and groaned at, for all the world as though I were a person of significance — one who led to something. Now, not a soul of the crowd could by any possibility have seen or known anything of me publicly or privately — for the best of all possible reasons; and I am therefore driven to conjecture that their wrath, not to say venom, was foused by the sight of an unobtrusive little coronet which my wife has had painted, according to custom, upon the panels of her carriage, and which I defy all the powers on earth, short of a domiciliary visit to the coach-house, to induce her to unpaint, for peeresses are decorative beings, fowl of ornamentation and distinctive symbols. I heard afterwards that there had been talk of brickbats in other cases, and that they had been used pretty freely, too, later in the day. For my own part I should not have minded it so much if it had come to brickbats, because, thank goodness, I can speak enough dog-Irish to make pretty sure of finding a proportion of men to whom fighting is as "mate and drink" out of a mob of town roughs, who, under any circumstances, after hearing the accents of their country, would stand my friends and cover my retreat by breaking my "persecutors'" heads. Moreover it is probable that the Celtic portion of a London mob would be the first to apprehend the idea that it is not exactly fair play to yell and hoot and throw stones at carriages with unoffending ladies in them.

Now, Sir, what I want to say is this. I am a

Liberal by instinct, a Liberal by association, a Liberal by reflection. I have the most entire sympathy with legitimate agitation, as it is called, on the part of the working-classes to obtain an extension of their rights by a full measure of Reform. I have always been fully prepared to vote for a measure of this kind, and thereby to do my duty according to my conscience. Nor if the working man, knowing me to be a lord, were to hoot at me as such, should I see much cause for repining thereat, unfair and disagreeable though it be? He is not bound to know my Liberalism, and if he chooses to fix the burden of class responsibility on a harmless and sympathising individual, prepared to go any honest length with him, it is not much to be wondered at, however hard on the scapegoat. If he is silent, he is taunted with apathy; so he must needs shout if he wants to be heard — acting according to the Turkish proverb, which says that the baby which doesn't squall gets no milk. But in what conceivable way can Tuesday's crowd — my friends who yelled at me — be considered as belonging to the working classes at all? It is a monstrous libel upon the organized working men, whom it was foolishly sought to keep out of the park on Monday, to dignify the worthless and mischievous mob of Tuesday — men without aim or object beyond sheer wanton riot — by their respected name. I wish to testify emphatically to the fact that I and my companion, so far as we could see, failed to see anything resembling a real body of working men in Tuesday's crowd. I saw Bill Sikes and Nancy and the flash Toby Crackit in every variety and stage of growth, and nothing but them. I saw, Sir, and shuddered, as one may shudder who drives his spade a foot or two into the soil on which the great Russian capital stands, and sees the mud and the slime and the deadly river beneath the frail crust which supports the stately streets of granite palaces. These glimpses of horror, caught from time to time through our social cracks, are good for stimulating us to healthy action. But an aggregate of Whitechapel thieves and mischievous boys is not an aggregate of honest working men, and should not be admitted as such to standing room on the Liberal platform. The roughs of Tuesday were not incidental roughs in a crowd; they were the crowd itself, composed of full-grown or half-grown roughs, and nothing else. We are all of us put out with Sir Richard Mayne, no doubt, for his bad tactics and seeming misconception of the whole question at issue; and as for Mr. Walpole, we have no words sufficient to blame and ridicule him for calling in the soldiers at once — leading his red ace of trumps when he has not another trump card left in his hand. This fairly touches the working man, and he will say his say about it in the right way and place, it is to be hoped, under the auspices of Mr. Beales, — a gentleman, by the way, for whom I have always entertained the greatest respect to say the least, since he came forward in 1863 and spoke like a man with his

whole soul on behalf of the unfortunate, struggling nation whose life was then being crushed out, when Ministers and shopkeepers alike standing aloof half-hearted and afraid to play the forward game.

But for the moment the question is beyond the working man, and has now become one of order as against disorder. The question of Government responsibility must come afterwards only. If things go on as they are now going, not even a safe conduct or firman from Mr. Beales, which I am sure he would grant me, will save my windows — or it may be my head — on Sunday next; for I have the misfortune of living near the Marble Arch. All the satisfaction I shall get will be to hear from a great philosopher and a great traveller that this comes of a Tory Ministry, and that they told us so — that one must not mind sacrificing a little order if the Tories can be turned out thereby. This, not because they love order less, but because they love their platform more. I venture to think that the time for platformism is past, even in this platform-ridden country. Meantime, Sir, agree with me that it is hard upon an innocent man, sympathising with the people, conscious of having sinned against them neither by thought, word, nor deed, anxious to do his duty by them in the fulness of time, that he should find himself exposed to ignorant, hateful insult on the part of those whom a shameless fiction alone has invested with the honoured name of the people. I like the people's horse-play; but I know the little poison-bag of class hatred when I see it.

A PEER.

Although the main value of these volumes consists in the sound information they convey on subjects connected with the Turkish Empire. — this is conveyed in such unmistakably pure English, that others than students of Eastern politics will find Lord Strangford's writings full of charm, and suggestive of healthy thought.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

TORTURE OF BRITISH CITIZENS IN PARAGUAY.

It is now thirty years since the two Scotch brothers Robertson electrified the British public with a minute matter-of-fact account of Paraguay under the sanguinary despot Francia; and Carlyle, in one of his wild, extravagant fits, held up the callous tyrant as a strong-willed hero to be worshipped. Colonel Thompson's and Mr. Masterman's books* reveal a state of things

* "Seven Eventful Years in Paraguay." A Narrative of Personal Experience amongst the Paraguayans. By George Frederick Masterman, late Assistant-Surgeon, Professor of Materia Medica, Chief Military Apothecary, General Hospital, As-

scarcely less terrible under Lopez, President of Paraguay, who is still keeping his foes at bay in the Paraguayan cordilleras. Mr. Masterman makes the most circumstantial and startling revelations. Colonel Thompson's book is valuable in itself, but principally valuable for our present purpose as giving general confirmation to the horrors related by Mr. Masterman.

The extreme untrustworthiness of the Brazilian accounts of proceedings in Paraguay during the war prevented belief in the stories which reached us some months since of the atrocities attributed to Lopez; and it has been fair to infer from the action, or rather what must be called, under the circumstances now disclosed, inaction of our Government, that there was no danger for the British subjects who are in the power of Lopez. Ignorance of the facts can, however, no longer be pleaded. The imminent danger of some twenty of our fellow-citizens now in Paraguay cannot and ought not to be longer concealed from the British public, and we feel assured that when the nature of the case is realized the Government will feel compelled to take instant and effectual measures for rescuing these British men, women, and children, from the clutches of Lopez.

It is impossible to doubt the substantial truth of Mr. Masterman's statements. It may, moreover, be said that Mr. Washburn, the late American Minister in Paraguay—round whom Lopez has spun a vast web of imaginary conspiracies and crimes—is now in London, and has lately addressed a letter to the newspapers, which bears out Mr. Masterman's tale of horrors.

It should be enough for the British Government to know that two British citizens, Mr. Masterman and Mr. Alonzo Taylor, relate the following tales of torture inflicted on them by agents of Lopez within the last twelvemonth, in order to force from them declarations similar to others extracted by like means from many other witnesses, almost all of whom have been since shot.

Mr. Masterman thus describes his torture:—

One of the men tied my arms tightly behind me, the other passed a musket under my knees, and then, putting his feet between my shoulders,

forced my head down until my throat rested on the lower musket; a second was put over the back of my neck, and they were firmly lashed together. They left me so for some time, striking the butt-ends of the fire-locks occasionally with a mallet; the priest meanwhile, in a monotonous voice, as if he were repeating a formula he had often gone through, urged me to confess, and "receive the mercy of the kind and generous Marshal Lopez." I made no reply, but suffered the intense pain they were inflicting in silence. At length they unbound me, and I was asked once more, "Will you confess?" I replied in the negative. They bound me up as before, but with two muskets at the back of my neck. As they were tightening the cord, I threw my head forward, to avoid the pressure on my throat, and my lips were badly cut and bruised against the lower musket; the blood almost choked me, and I fainted from the excruciating pain.

When I recovered, I was lying on the grass utterly exhausted, and felt that I could bear no more; that it would be far preferable to make a pretended confession and be shot than suffer such cruel tortures. So, as they were about to again apply the *uruguayana*, as this mode of torture is called by them, I said, "I am guilty, I will confess;" and they immediately unbound me. The priest said, "Why were you such an obstinate fool? Your companion Bliss was only threatened with the torture, and confessed at once." This was indeed the case, as he told me himself afterwards. I had heard poor Baltazar loudly praying for mercy several times, and now the sounds of heavy blows, each followed by a shriek from him, proved how much more they were prepared to inflict upon us: they were smashing his fingers with a mallet.

Mr. Bliss is an American who was arrested together with Mr. Masterman, and the two have escaped death by the interposition of General McMahon, Mr. Washburn's successor. Baltazar was a negro, a servant of Dr. Carreras, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs for Monte Video. Baltazar died a few days after. Dr. Carreras was also a prisoner; he had been already tortured into a confession; he is one of the many since shot. Mr. Masterman found himself once by his side, and able to exchange a few words with him. Carreras asked if Mr. Washburn had got away from Paraguay:—

"Yes, he is safe," I replied in the same cautious tone, and then went on to ask him if there were any truth in his depositions. "No, no—lies, all lies, from beginning to end!" "Why did you tell them?" I asked, somewhat unnecessarily. "That terrible Father Maiz," said he, "tortured me in the *uruguayana* on three successive days, and then smashed my fingers with a mallet." He looked at me with an expression

union, Paraguay, formerly of the Medical Staff of her Majesty's 82nd Regiment. (London: Sampson Low and Co. 1863.)

"The War in Paraguay." With a Historical Sketch of the Country and its People, and Notes upon the Military Engineering of the War. By George Thompson, C.E., Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers in the Paraguayan Army, Aide-de-Camp to President Lopez, Knight of the Order of Merit of Paraguay, &c. (London: Longmans and Co. 1863.)

of utter wretchedness in his worn face, and held out his maimed hands as a testimony.

Another attempt was made later to make Mr. Masterman confess something more that was yet wanted from him. It was the day after Don Benigno Lopez, a brother of the President, and since shot, had been put to the torture for the second time. Mr. Masterman had seen him taken away early in the morning for torture, "with three men carrying the well-remembered bundle of muskets and cords;" and he had seen him again return, long after noon. He was led back, unable to stand, and with his face frightfully distorted by the agony he had suffered." Mr. Masterman expected, therefore, a second torture when, the next day, he was marched in like manner before the confessor, a military chaplain. The torture was not inflicted, but he was threatened with it, and also with execution.

At length Father Roman paused, pushed his papers from him, and stared at me as I stood holding up my fetters with one hand and my hat in the other. "Well, how do you feel?" said he. "I am ill and weak." "Bah! It is your conscience which troubles you. Confess your crimes; confess what the beast Washburn did. Look!" said he, pointing to a group of soldiers outside, "I have the *uruguayana* ready for you, and you will be shot afterwards."

Mr. Alonzo Taylor, a stonemason and builder by trade, describes the torture to which he was subjected much as it is described by Mr. Masterman. He then states its effect on him:—

The effect was as follows. First, the feet went to sleep, then a tingling commenced in the toes, gradually extending to the knees, and the same in the hands and arms, and increased until the agony was unbearable. My tongue swelled up, and I thought that my jaws would have been displaced. I lost all feeling on one side of my face for a fortnight afterwards. The suffering was dreadful; I should certainly have confessed if I had had anything to confess, and I have no doubt many would acknowledge or invent anything to escape bearing the horrible agony of this torment. I remained two hours as I have described, and I considered myself fortunate in escaping then; for many were put in the *uruguayana* twice and others six times, and with eight muskets on the nape of the neck.

Senora Martinez was tortured six times in this horrible way, besides being flogged and beaten with sticks until she had not an inch of skin free from wounds.

Senora Martinez was the wife of Colonel Martinez, who had long commanded at Humaita, and was compelled by famine, after the evacuation of that fort to surren-

der to the allies with the last small remnant of the Humaita garrison. Mr. Taylor afterwards saw this poor lady shot, "her only crime being that she was the wife of a gallant officer, who had been abandoned by Lopez and was compelled to surrender through starvation." The black picture is made blacker still by a statement of Mr. Masterman that this poor lady was, with other female prisoners, outraged by Father Roman, the military priest-confessor.

Colonel Thompson says of the surrender of Martinez, and his wife's fate:—

Colonel Martinez was so faint from want of food that he could hardly speak, and 200 of his men had lain down to die from hunger. Most of them had been four days without food. For surrendering, after this unexampled faithfulness to Lopez, all were declared traitors by him; and the wife of Colonel Martinez, who had lived at head-quarters with Mrs. Lynch during the whole war, was thrown into prison, frequently beaten, and finally shot.

It is impossible within a journalist's widest limits to tell all the atrocities enumerated and described by Mr. Masterman: by Mr. Alonzo Taylor, who, when ill in bed from his long sufferings dictated at Buenos Ayres to Mr. Russell Shaw, an English civil engineer, a very long statement, which is published by Mr. Masterman; and by Captain Segulier, an Argentine, who was a fellow-prisoner with Mr. Masterman; and whose statement he reprints from a Buenos Ayres newspaper.

Between seven and eight hundred altogether were shot or died in prison, or died on the road as prisoners, since June, 1868. A diary was found among the papers of Lopez after his defeat in December last, recording 596 victims from June 19 to December 14; among these 220 are acknowledged to be foreigners. Twenty-seven are said to have died on the road; the wonder is that more have not so died when we read Mr. A. Taylor's description of a march of about 260 prisoners, of whom he was one, and four Paraguayan ladies were of the party.

On the evening of the second day we reached the edge of a large estero, or shallow lake, and the guides said we ought to wait for daylight to cross it; but when the officer in command was appealed to he said, "Prisoners to go forward at once, their march to be accelerated by the bayonet if necessary." Which was done: nor was the bayonet used sparingly. I well remember one awful estero we had to go through; it is called the Estero Ypoa, and the bottom is of deep and stiff clay. We reached it late at night, and came out early in the morning; but not nearly all those who went in; for the weak and

sickly and the old men could not toll through it, and were either drowned or bayoneted. I saw two old men stuck fast in the mire, and left there to die of starvation or to be devoured by the vultures, which were already flying around them.

Lopez has shot one of his brothers; Captain Segulier says he has shot two of them; he has shot two brothers-in-law, husbands of his sisters; one was first "put to the torture, which was applied so severely that they dislocated his spine, and he died in agony." The two sisters of Lopez are prisoners, and they have been repeatedly flogged. Even worse remains: — "In December, 1868, he compelled his mother to leave her house at La Trinidad, where she had remained virtually a prisoner for nearly two years, and to go to Lagué, the temporary capital, and there, before the altar of the church, swear that she recognized Francisco Solena [*i.e.* himself] alone as her child, and cursed the rest as rebels and traitors. She piteously pleaded her advanced age (she is about sixty) and disease of the heart as an excuse for not complying; but the officer charged to see that her son's orders were carried out, told her she must obey or die, and she went."

From St. Pauls.

THE LIFE OF A SCOTCH METAPHYSICIAN.*

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON was a man of whom Scotland has every reason to be justly proud. But for him, she, and indeed Britain, would have been barren of deep philosophical speculation, probably even of much philosophical interest, at a time when on the Continent great and earnest men were actively engaged in its researches. Thus Sir William Hamilton was remarkable inasmuch as he revived the study of philosophy proper in these islands; but his character was such that, living at any time, he would have made an impress upon the thought of the day. His love of philosophy was unbounded in its enthusiasm and untiring in its energy, while his original speculative genius was strikingly great. But even to put these aside, his almost superhuman learning and the rare elevation and beauty

of his character were such as at any time to command admiration and to compel respect. The present memoir, which has been eagerly anticipated for some time, will be read with much interest, even by those who have hitherto known the philosopher and his works only by name. Professor Veitch has done his work with great care, with a painstaking elaboration and combination of the materials at his command, and with a genuine love and admiration of the man he is writing about. The biographer has not always, however, shown himself a very graceful or skilful artist. His materials, if never carelessly are sometime awkwardly put together, and once or twice, when meaning to be pathetic, he has only succeeded in being clumsy.

Hamilton had almost a right to be a Scotch Professor. His grandfather, on the death of an elder brother, was appointed to the Chair of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow, and on his death was succeeded by Sir William's father. His grandmother was a daughter of a professor of Church history in the same University, and he himself was born in a house within the college walls, on the 8th of March, 1788. There appears to have existed in Glasgow during the lifetime of the grandfather a quaint and genial circle of men representatives both of the academic and commercial interests of the city. For the sake of good fellowship and with the desire to cultivate and give scope to their literary propensities they formed themselves into clubs. Sir William's grandfather, Dr. Thomas Hamilton, was a prominent member of two of these, — the Anderston and the Hodge Podge. The Anderston, founded by Simson, the famous restorer of ancient geometry, was the oldest and most distinguished of all the clubs in Glasgow, and used to meet in a hostelry in what was then a suburban village. The proceedings were commenced by a dinner at two o'clock, when, remembering some of the celebrities who belonged to it, Professor Veitch concludes, that "the banquet of hen broth was no doubt well-seasoned by Attic salt." The Hodge Podge seems to have been of a somewhat less classical type than the Anderston, if we are to judge from the description of it, given in some doggerel verses by its Laureate, Dr. John More: —

"A club of choice fellows each fortnight employ
An evening in laughter, good humour, and
joy;

Like the National Council, they often debate,
And settle the Army, the Navy, the State."

Further on in the effusion, and in the same

* "Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.," Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. By John Veitch, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1875.

"Edinburgh Essays." By Members of the University, 1856. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. Essay VII. — "Sir William Hamilton." By Thomas Spenser Baynes, L.L.B.

strain of pleasantry, he refers to Dr. Thomas Hamilton :—

"He who leads up the van is stout Thomas the tall,

Who can make us all laugh, though he laughs at us all;

But entre nous, Tom, you, and I, if you please,

Must take care not to laugh ourselves out of our fees."

Sir William's own father, inheriting the amiability and humour of "stout Thomas the tall," died young before he had completed his thirty-second year, leaving to the care of his young widow two sons, — William, the subject of this paper, and Thomas, who became the brilliant author of "Cyril Thornton," and other works. On Mrs. Hamilton devolved all the arduous duty of education. She was quite equal to the task, being a woman with considerable strength of character, with a vein of sternness, almost harshness, mingling with her mother's nature. When quite a child, we find that love for the marvellous and romantic, which in after years in his hours of relaxation used to make Hamilton read the "Arabian Nights," "Frankenstein," and the works of such an authoress as Mrs. Radcliffe, displayed in his love for the graphic illustrations to the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Apocalypse," and, subsequently, the "Ancient History" of Rollin, and the "Natural History" of Buffon. When a boy he was a true boy, more given to active out-door exercise and to sports of all kinds, in which he always excelled, than to precocious book-learning. Still, although his almost superabundant amount of vital energy, found its readiest outlet in such a way, he must have expended much of it on his studies, as we find him attending the junior Latin and Greek classes at the University at the early age of twelve. Much to his indignation, and much against his youthful sense of dignity, he was, however, removed from the University, and was sent to study under Dr. Dean, at Bromley, in 1801, where he made rapid progress, and was distinguished for his love of languages. In letters to his mother, from Bromley, we have, interspersed with accounts of his school work, anxious inquiries as to the quantity of fruit in the orchard at Kindmuir, as to where he was to spend his holidays, and as to the possibility of half-a-guinea being forthcoming from the maternal purse, to purchase a box to put books and "things" into. Two years later he returned to Scotland, and re-entered the University of Glasgow, where

he soon began a career of brilliant success; and where he had for a close companion Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," &c. Most of his spare time and the college vacations, which in Scotland are long, were spent at the Manse of Midcalder, at the foot of the Pentland Hills, under the healthy instruction and care of the Rev. Dr. Sommers; and here it was he began his first essays in philosophy. But not as a hard student, or as a young philosopher, was he remembered in the village of Midcalder, but rather as a "wild boy and full of sport," a great hand at swimming and leaping, the life and soul of all the healthy activity and enjoyment of the place, — a king among boys.

When about seventeen years of age he began to pay particular attention to the study of medicine, — a study which afterwards was of great use to him in investigating the relations that exist between Psychology and Physiology. For the medical profession, indeed, he appears to have been destined for some years, no less by the wishes of his friends than by his own inclinations; and for the purpose of following up his studies in that direction, he spent the winter 1806-7 in Edinburgh. Here the passion, which had first shown itself when a student of Glasgow, of collecting rare and old books and editions, — a propensity which was to make him the possessor of one of the noblest libraries ever amassed by an individual collector, — was developed, and to his mother's eyes assumed alarming proportions.

Mrs. Hamilton was anxious that her boy should go to Oxford, and despite many friends, who saw in William Hamilton only a lad of ordinary abilities, her desires were gratified by his entering Balliol College as a Snell Exhibitioner in May, 1807. The impression which his personal appearance, character, and habits of study left on the students with whom he came in contact was very remarkable. The few men who knew him, and who now survive, all concur in testifying to the warm feelings of admiration and love which he excited, at once by the manly beauty of his person, his courteous and agreeable manners, the kindness and gentleness of his demeanour, the force of his intellect, and the extraordinary character of his attainments. Amongst those who have left reminiscences of his life at Oxford are Lockhart, whose fast friend he ever was, — till some lamented and unexplained breach occurred in after life, — Mr. J. H. Christie, and Mr. James Traill. Those Oxford days seem to have taken a fast hold upon Lockhart, and when he

wrote home Hamilton's name was repeatedly to be found in his letters; and it was Hamilton's tutor, a Mr. Powell, a strange being, who soon found that he was quite as unnecessary to his pupil as he wished his pupil to be to him, whom he made the prototype of Daniel Barton in "Reginald Dalton." From Mr. Traill's reminiscences of the future professor, we glean some account of the boyish sportiveness of his early days, which it is useful and pleasant to record, as we are not in general apt to associate such a thing with the hard-reading student and the philosopher in embryo. We read of how the two friends one night strewed crumbs of bread soaked in wine for a mouse, which had crept out during a protracted silence, and how they made the discovery that men and mice were very much the same under the influence of drink; of how they went to forage for provisions late at night in other mens' rooms, and how on one occasion they narrowly escaped being brained by the poker of a brother Scot of fiery temperament. Some of the stories related of him are of the nature of practical jokes. One morning he had some men breakfasting with him. The quality of the chocolate was much praised. When it came round to him, he looked rather suspiciously at it, and asked his servant how he made it. The servant replied, "In the usual way; in the large coffee biggin." "You blockhead!" said Hamilton, "don't you know that was what I boiled the child's head in yesterday;" an announcement which must have had a strange effect on the party at breakfast, knowing as they did Hamilton's proclivities in anatomical study. One evening with another party in his room, making midnight eerie with relating ghost stories to one another, he stole unobserved out of the room. In a little while the party was startled by a loud single knock at the door; it opened, and a human skull, shrouded in a white sheet, appeared over the top of the door, gradually rising till it reached the roof of the room, when it stretched out a pair of lean arms over the awestruck group. The apparition was manufactured by Hamilton, with a skull, a table-cloth, a long carpet-broom for a body, and hearth brushes for arms. On another occasion, it is said, with rather a noisy party assembled, a tutor, as was his custom, stole out after the stair-lights were out, and listened at the door. Hamilton knew his habit, and was prepared for him. Suddenly opening the door, he seized the eaves-dropping tutor by the collar, took him to the stair-case, lifted him up and gave him a good shaking suspended in mid-air.

It was pitch dark, and the tutor in terror revealed himself. Hamilton made a well-feigned apology, protesting that it never entered his head that Mr. — could place himself in such a position, and assuring him that he thought it had been some rascally scout.

But these and such other tales were mere episodes in a life now devoted to abstract study, varied reading, and deep research, filled with dreams of ardent intellectual ambition. Here his intellectual character was fairly formed, and here he gave himself up to the fascinations of the study of Aristotle, whom he recognized as the greatest moulder of his thoughts, and as exerting the strongest influence over his intellectual activity. Even in the short period of his undergraduateship he became the most learned Aristotelian in Oxford. In the Honours' examination, so singular was the list of books he gave in, that an accurate copy of it was preserved by the examiner; and in fourteen of the books which he took up, in the abstruse subjects of Greek philosophy, he was not questioned, the greater part of them being declared by the examiners too purely metaphysical for public examination. According to the testimony both of Mr. Villers and the Rev. Alexander Nicoll of Balliol, his examination in the department of philosophy stood, and still stands, unrivalled.

On leaving Oxford it was necessary for him to choose his profession. Medicine was inviting. He had good chances of success in it, from the goodwill of friends and from his own studies; but if he made medicine his mistress he could not continue to coquet with philosophy, as he could do if he embraced the legal profession. So accordingly to the study of law he betakes himself, and in July, 1813, passes for an advocate, and takes up a permanent residence in Edinburgh. His interest in legal matters was also enhanced when making inquiries in regard to his claims to the baronetcy of Preston. The Hamiltons of Airdrie, of which family his father was a cadet, were a branch of the family of the Hamiltons of Preston and Fingalton. There had always been a tradition amongst them that, since the extinction of the direct male line of that ancient house, they were entitled to its honours. On the death of a cousin, young Hamilton became head of the Hamiltons of Airdrie; and finding such an investigation in the line of his legal work, and doubtless inspirited by the remembrance of the noble deeds done by that illustrious house — a house which has left its mark on many a page of Scottish history,

even back as far as the times of King Robert the Bruce—he set about the work of proving himself the legal heir to its titles and dignities. He was successful in establishing his claim, and henceforth was known as Sir William Hamilton. He was now a regular attendant at the Parliament house, waiting for work, “having his time,” he writes, “sadly consumed in pacing these vile Parliament-house boards, nothing to do;” adding characteristically, “which I am not sorry at, in the present state of my legal acquirements.” These acquirements, however, were far from being inconsiderable. Indeed, his mind was of such a nature as never to rest satisfied with half attainment; and his legal career could in no wise be said to have been a failure, although perhaps the term brilliant could never be attached to it. His mind always revolted at the details and technicalities necessary to be acquired for a remunerative practice; and his ardent, aspiring intellect was always soaring beyond the dry minutæ and paltry trifles in which some of the most successful men found their delight, and from a knowledge of which they obtained their cases. The Advocates’ Library was a much more congenial place of resort, and we often find him shaking the dust from dingy tomes which had not been handled for years, and burying himself in their contents, utterly forgetful of the agents who would not fee him, and of the reign of a Tory Government which would give a Whig like himself no work; for Sir William, through unobtrusive as a politician, was and continued to be a staunch Whig, though never perhaps a useful one, in the lower and common sense of that term, or a bustling and active partisan.

His mother and her young niece, Miss Janet Marshall, who afterwards became Lady Hamilton, lived with him at this time in Edinburgh, and they were frequently to be found in the circles of Edinburgh society, where Sir William was ever welcome, accompanied as he often was by Lockhart, Wilson, De Quincey, and his brother, Captain Hamilton, now an officer on half-pay, given over to the pursuit of literature. De Quincey, before he became personally acquainted with him, thus conveys some idea of what was thought of Hamilton by strangers:—“The extent of his reading was said to be portentous—in fact, frightful—and to some extent even suspicious; so that certain ladies thought him ‘no canny.’ If arithmetic could demonstrate that all the days of his life, ground down and pulverised into ‘wee wee’ globules of five or eight minutes each, and strung upon

threads, would not furnish a rosary anything like corresponding in its separate beads or counters to the books he was known to have studied and familiarly used, then it became clear that he must have had extra aid in some way or other—must have read by proxy. Now, in that case, we all know in what direction a man turns for help, and who it is that he applies to when he wishes, like Dr. Faustus, to read more books than belong to his allowance in this life.”

And afterwards he thus speaks of his personal appearance. “There was an air of dignity and massy self-dependence diffused over his deportment, too calm and unaffected to leave a doubt that it exhaled spontaneously from his nature, yet too unassuming to mortify the pretensions of others. Men of genius I had seen before, and men distinguished for their attainments, who shocked everybody, and upon me in particular, nervously susceptible, inflicted horror as well as distress, by striving restlessly, and almost angrily, for the chief share in conversation. Some I had known who possessed themselves in effect pretty nearly of the whole without being distinctly aware of what they were about. . . . In Sir William, on the other hand, was an apparent carelessness whether he took any conspicuous share or none at all in the conversation. . . . In general my conclusion was that I had rarely seen a person who manifested less of self-esteem under any of the forms by which ordinarily it reveals itself, whether of pride, or vanity, or full-blown arrogance, or heart-chilling reserve.”

Sir William, besides mixing in the ordinary society of Edinburgh, saw a good deal of the distinguished foreigners who visited Edinburgh, and his reputation attracted many of them to his mother’s house, both before and after his visits to the Continent, which he made for short periods in 1817 and 1820.

In the latter of these years, the Professorship of Moral Philosophy became vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown. The two candidates for the Chair were Mr. John Wilson, known at that time as the author of the “Isle of Palms,” and a leading contributor to “Blackwood’s Magazine,” which had commenced its brilliant career, and Sir William Hamilton, not known as an author, but of great reputation for profound learning and varied readings, as we have seen in our first extract from De Quincey;—in politics, — a thing of more consequence in those days than either authorship or reputation, — a Tory the former, a Whig the latter. The election was in the hands of the Town Council of Edinburgh, composed,

as usual, for the most part, of ignorant narrow-minded men, who then called themselves Tories and now rejoice in the name of Radicals. Each candidate has to support his claims by an array of testimonials. The character of Sir William's must have been very high, for Mr. Cranston, afterwards Lord Corehouse, then at the head of the Scottish Bar, is reported to have said of them "I would rather have failed with such credentials than gained with any others." The Tories in the Council were, however, a large majority, and Mr. Wilson was elected by a majority of 21 to 11, — a state of matters which, however, we are glad to record, did not interfere with the warm and close friendship that subsisted between the rivals. Early in the next year the Chair of Civil History became vacant, and it being known that Sir William would be disposed to accept it, the Faculty of Advocates, with whom the appointment virtually lay, elected him to the office by a large majority. The salary attached to the office was miserably inadequate, and the work of the class forming no part of the curriculum for degrees in arts, the attendance of students was very small, having fallen as low as one under a previous professor. Thus the field opened to the new professor was not very promising, or of such a nature as to stimulate him to much exertion. Still Sir William was not the man to let things rest in this state, and he prepared a course of lectures, which were the means of rekindling an interest in the duties of the class, and bringing the number of the students up to about fifty. In the same year as he was elected professor he accepted the first of the many honours he was destined to receive from foreign countries, being made a foreign member of the Society for the Study of the German Language at Berlin. His private reading and study at this time was unbounded, and seems to have embraced a variety of topics, from the poetry of Buchanan and Balde to an investigation of the pretensions of phrenology, then attracting much attention, and the claims of animal magnetism.

Mr. Carlyle, so like Hamilton in his lofty aim, his unswerving energy of purpose, in his love of truth for the truth's sake, saw something of him about this time, and in the course of the valuable and characteristic reminiscences which he furnishes to Professor Veitch's book, he writes: —

"He was finely social and human in these walks or interviews. Honesty, frankness, friendly vivacity, courageous trust in humanity and in you, were charmingly visible. His talk was forcible, copious, dis-

cursive, careless rather than otherwise; and on abstruse subjects, I observed, was apt to become embroiled and revelly, much less perspicuous and elucidative than, with a little deliberation, he might have made it. 'The fact is,' he would often say, and then plunging into new circuitous depths and distinctions; again on a new ground, 'the fact is,' and still again, till what the essential 'fact' might be was not a little obscure to you. He evidently had not been engaged in speaking these things, but only in thinking them for his own behalf, not yours. By lucid questioning you could get lucidity from him on any topic. Nowhere did he give you the least notion of his not understanding the thing himself; but it lay like an unwinnowed threshing-floor, the corn-grains, the natural chaff, and somewhat even of the straw unseparated there. This sometimes would befall not only when the meaning itself was delicate or abstruse, but also if several were listening and he doubted whether they could understand. On solid realistic points he was abundantly luminous; promptitude, solid sense, free, flowing intelligibility always the characteristics. The tones of his voice were of themselves attractive, physiognomic of the man: a strong, carelessly melodious, tender voice, the sound of it betokening tenderness and cheerfulness; occasionally something of slightly remonstrative was in his undertones, indicating well in the background possibilities of virtuous wrath and fire; seldom anything of laughter; of levity never anything; thoroughly a serious, cheerful, sincere, and kindly voice, with looks corresponding. In dialogue, face to face, with one he trusted, his speech, both voice and words, were still more engaging; lucid, free, persuasive, with a bell-like harmony, and from time to time, in the bright eyes, a beaming smile, which was the crown and seal of all to you."

A thoroughly characteristic letter also has been preserved, which Carlyle writes shortly after he had settled in Chelsea, in which he tells him that literature in London seemed dying "of thin diet and flatulence," but not so near dead as he had calculated; and further expresses an intention of actually going to write a book, and perhaps of publishing a booklet already written.

In 1827 Sir William sustained a great loss in the death of his mother, and the two years after this event proved the unhappiest of his life. He felt the horrors of solitude grow upon him daily, and he was for a time utterly prostrate, with no active spirit for his usual occupations. Writing to a friend he says, "Once dining out was the greatest

of all bores; now it is a refuge from the recollection of happy days, and the sad contrast of the present with the past." Two years after this he married his cousin, Miss Marshall, an event which had great influence on his after life and in "moulding the inner nature of the man." She fully supplied his mother's place, and "from the first her devotion to her husband's interest was untiring, and her identification with his work complete." This notice of the husband would fail in honesty and justice without a tribute to the character, patient love, and arduous and faithful energy of the wife.

Sir William up to this time, notwithstanding all his varied reading, thinking, and general acquirements, had as yet given to the world nothing as the result of his labours. It is said that he was far from being a ready writer, not that he could not write rapidly enough under compulsion, but he could not take up the pen at any time, as is the habit with some, and write a certain required amount. Indeed, he always appears to have taken the pen in hand with extreme reluctance. However, after his marriage he felt the need of adding to his pecuniary means, and under the very strong pressure and inducements of Professor Macvey Napier, who had just assumed the new editorship of the "Edinburgh Review," he began to contribute to its pages. For his first number, both to draw out Hamilton, and to gratify his own tastes, which lay in the way of philosophical speculation, Mr. Napier applied to him for a philosophical article, suggesting as a subject the introductory book of Cousin's, "Cours de Philosophie." This paper turned out to be the famous article on the "Philosophy of the Unconditioned,"—the precursor of many a brilliant and subtly-learned article to that review. The great merit of the paper was not early discovered throughout the country; to the general reader it was utterly incomprehensible, and only to one or two of the professed British metaphysicians was it intelligible. On the Continent, however, the review of Cousin was at once recognised as the work of a distinguished and highly-trained, speculative intelligence, and of a thinker who had probed not without results some of the deepest truths of philosophy. It was soon in the hands of all the philosophers of Europe, and was speedily translated into French and Italian. None gave it a more hearty welcome, or recognised more fully the philosophic genius of its author, than M. Cousin himself. Hamilton had been adverse at first to writing the paper, be-

cause, as he said, "it would behove me to come forward in overt opposition to a certain theory, which, however powerfully advocated, I felt altogether unable to admit, whilst its author, M. Cousin, was a philosopher for whose genius and character I already had the warmest admiration—an admiration which every succeeding year has only augmented, justified, and confirmed." Cousin seems to have taken the paper up in the same fine spirit in which it was written. He was only able for some time to see an extract from it, but was much struck with it. He says in regard to it, that he did not believe there was any individual beyond the Channel capable of interesting himself so deeply in metaphysics, and "I regard this article as an excellent augury for philosophy in England. I am therefore thankful to the author, and wish he knew it." He expresses much anxiety to see the whole of it, and to obtain particulars about its author. After it arrives he declares it a masterpiece,—so excellent, indeed, that he thinks there cannot be fifty people in England capable of understanding it. It was the subject of a long correspondence between the two philosophers, the beginning of a very warm friendship and sincere mutual respect and admiration.

This article was followed shortly afterwards by other important contributions to the philosophy of the country in the form of studies on "Perception," the train of thought involved in which was the natural and logical sequence to the one on the Unconditioned, and on Logic, being a review of recent English treatises on the subject, especially that of Dr. Whately. Like the former article, this last one dealt with the subject in an entirely novel point of view, and turned the thought on the topic in question into an entirely new channel. On every page of it the hand of the Aristotelian student was visible, and he harmoniously develops the thought in the two former papers into a philosophical unity. His other studies were going on at the same time—his physiological studies taking the direction of a series of experiments on his children, the result of which remain recorded in very elaborate tables.

In 1836 the Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh became vacant through the resignation of Dr. David Ritchie, and it might have been expected that the chair would have been at once given to Sir William, without even a formal application, far less a personal canvass. However, the Town Council of Edinburgh was a unique body, and one singular in all its ways. All the philosophic

thought in the land pointed to Sir William as the fittest, and, indeed, only fit, candidate for the Chair; but the Town Council was much above taking notice of speculative opinion, and considered itself far wiser in its own conceit. Mr. Cousin could not understand the position, and wrote urgent letters from his sick-bed in behalf of his friend. "Sir William Hamilton," he wrote, "is the man who, before all Europe, has, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' defended the Scotch philosophy, and posted himself as its representative. In this relation the different articles which he has written in that journal are of infinite value; and it is not I who ought to solicit Scotland for Sir William Hamilton; it is Scotland herself who ought to honour by her suffrage him who, since Dugald Stewart, is her sole representative. Again, he is, above all, eminent in logic. I would speak here as a philosopher by profession. Be assured that Sir W. Hamilton is the one of all your countrymen who knows Aristotle the best; and were there in all the three kingdoms of his Britannic Majesty a Chair of Logic vacant, do not hesitate to give it to Sir W. Hamilton." Yet, despite this and many other strong and weighty opinions from the philosophers of Europe, the worthy baillies and councillors of Edinburgh were very nearly electing to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics, "in the interests of pure and undefiled religion" — for Mr. "Heresy Scenter" had been put on the philosopher's track — one Mr. Isaac Taylor! The cause of philosophy in Scotland was only saved by the narrow majority of four!

Sir William Hamilton was now in his true position in the University and in the country. "Grâce à Dieu," writes M. Cousin, "vous êtes nommé; vous voilà à votre place et dans votre élément." For the next few years his whole time and attention was devoted to his class. There was the true sphere of all his energy, there he was most at home and exerted the greatest influence for good. He was a born teacher in the highest meaning of the term, born to train and educate youthful intelligence, and to inspire youthful zeal and ardour. From the day of his election he worked incessantly at his subject, and the introductory lecture of the course, delivered on the 21st November, made a profound impression on the large audience assembled to hear it, no less by the depth and subtlety of thought displayed, the evident familiarity with which he handled the most delicate questions, than by the deep, earnest eloquence of his language, the sweet lucidity of his style and wonder-

ful happiness of expression. No one who heard him lecture in the class, his fine face lit up and radiant with enthusiasm, his whole being engrossed in his words, would have imagined that, owing to an aversion to composition, the lecture had been penned the night before, the concluding passages as late as five or six in the morning, by his faithful amanuensis, Lady Hamilton. Sir William wrote the pages roughly and rapidly, and his wife copied them in an adjoining room. Sometimes the subject could not be sufficiently mastered, and Sir William would be found writing as late as nine o'clock, and his weary wife asleep on the sofa, ever wakeful, however, when he appeared with a fresh supply for her to copy. His fame as a lecturer increased year by year, and students were attracted to the class from the continents of Europe, America, and every part of the United Kingdom. It will be interesting to see what a stranger-student saw on his coming up to attend the famous lectures, and the influence they were destined to exert on his every-day life. We cannot convey to our readers a more vivid picture of this than by quoting the words of one who was himself such a student — Professor Baynes, formerly a favourite pupil and assistant of Sir William's, and now an able advocate of the Hamiltonian philosophy as the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of St. Andrew's. Mr. Baynes contributed a paper on the philosopher to the "Edinburgh Essays" of 1856, which is instinct with enthusiasm, and highly vivid and real in its portraiture.

"Sir William's manner," he writes, "naturally struck one on his first entrance by its native dignity, perfect self-possession, and genuine courtesy; but soon the attention was irresistibly attracted to his person. It was impossible, indeed, not to be impressed with the commanding expression of that fine countenance and noble bust; the massive well-proportioned head, square and perfectly developed towards the front; the brow arched, full, and firmly bound together, with short dints of concentrated energy between; the nose pure aquiline, but for its Norman strength; and a mouth beautifully cut, of great firmness and precision, with latent and sarcastic power in its decisive curve. But the most striking feature of all to a stranger was Sir William's eye; though not even dark hazel, it appeared, from its rare brilliancy, absolutely black, and expressed, beyond any feature I have ever seen, calm, piercing, sleepless intelligence. It was, in a peculiar degree, the self-authenticating symbol of an intellect

that had read the history, traversed the unknown realms, grasped the innermost secrets, and swept with its searching gaze the entire hemisphere of the intelligible world. Though naturally most struck with this at first, one soon found that it but harmonized with the perfect strength and finish of every feature; nothing being weak, nothing undeveloped in any. Whatever the previous expectations of Sir William's appearance might be, they were certainly realized, if not surpassed; and however familiar one might afterwards become with the play of thought and feeling on that noble countenance, the first impression remained the strongest and the last, — that it was, perhaps, altogether the finest head and face you had ever seen, strikingly handsome, and full of intelligence and power."

It now only remains for us in a single paragraph to mention a few facts about the last years of his life. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" ceased when he was appointed professor, but not before he had broken a lance in favour of Oxford University extension. His papers on this subject elicited afterwards the warmest expressions of approval and thanks from the Commissioners, when they issued their report. He occupies himself, when not engaged in the active duties of his class, on what in some respects was the greatest monument of his philosophical industry and zeal, — an elaborate edition of Reid. He also edited the works of Dugald Stewart, and would, had he been spared, have written a memoir of him. On the study of Luther and his writings he also spent much labour.

He cherished a lively interest in the ecclesiastical controversies raging around him, as an elaborate pamphlet with the expressive title "Be not schismatics, be not martyrs by mistake," amply proves. He

continued to teach, with the greatest enthusiasm, a class that yearly increased in numbers till he was struck down by paralysis in 1844, and even after that, whenever he was able, he continued to attend his class, conducted by an assistant, he generally read part of the lecture. He died on the 6th of May, 1856, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The inscription on his tombstone thus aptly describes the aim of his philosophy and his hope as a man: — "His aim was by a pure philosophy to teach that through a glass darkly, now we know in part; his hope that in the life to come he should see face to face, and know even as he is known." Side by side with this we may place the words of the late lamented Professor Ferrier, who always continued his warm friend and admirer, amid much philosophical difference. "A simpler and a grander nature," he said, "never rose out of darkness into human life; a truer and a grander character God never made. How plain and yet how polished was his life in all its ways, how refined and yet how robust and broad his intelligence in all its workings."

Professor Veitch in his preface states that the aim of his book is entirely biographical, and we have dealt with it accordingly. There is, however, in an appendix, some fifty pages of purely philosophical matter, in which Professor Veitch shows much power and comprehension in explaining and defending his master's philosophy against the attacks of Mr. Mill. Mr. Veitch is thoroughly competent for the task and in some cases returns Mr. Mill's assaults with a vigorous enthusiasm and hearty power of philosophical buffeting very impressive and exciting. But we do not venture to enter such an arena, or to mete out justice between two such combatants.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I WAIT and watch, I watch and wait in vain,
All day I watch, I wait as late as ten;
I know his step amongst a thousand men,
I rise and press my nose against the pane,
I trace his swift career from door to door,
And nearer, nearer as he speeds to mine,
I sometimes have to take reviving wine,

To bear the blow too often borne before :
He pulls the wire, I fly along the hall
To find within the box — my heart, how hard!
A draper's circular, a dentist's card,
Or Cousin RACHEL's uninviting scrawl.
O ROBERT, ROBERT! far away from Town,
Why don't you write to your LETITIA BROWN?

Punch.

CHAPTER XLI.

WHICH PLACES OUR FRIENDS.

HERBERT STANHOPE had not exaggerated the matter when he said that Mr. Waller blamed himself exceedingly for his late obstinacy in resisting Denton's appeals, and was deeply touched by the fatal consequences arising from it. But in a day or two, and by the time the public inquiry was commenced, the quick-witted man had not only recovered his mental balance, but had persuaded himself that if he had not absolutely acted for the best, he had only committed an error in judgment, after all. By the time the inquest was concluded, Lucy, who remembered with a sharp but secret pang her father's statement with respect to the depreciation of the reservoir shares, was perhaps the only one not brought over to his own conviction, so earnest and plausible were his explanations. Had he not Mr. Flywheel's letter, upon which, laying his hand upon it in the solemnest manner, he showed that that eminent engineer, whose reputation was European, had had no misgiving of the embankment's stability, and had ridiculed those entertained, only a few months before, upon apparently precisely similar grounds, by Mr. Denton? It was true that the latter gentleman had proved himself to be in the right, and thereby won a place for himself in his profession, elevated indeed for one so young; but was he, Mr. Waller, to be blamed for taking his views from the master, and not the pupil? As to interested motives, of which, thank Heaven, he had, however, not heard a whisper, it was evident that he was the very last man to be accused in that respect. The expenses of such an official inspection as Mr. Denton had demanded would have been trifling, though it was true, as one of the chief shareholders, he (Mr. Waller) would have had to bear a considerable portion of it; but even as a matter of insurance to his property at Mosedale, it would have been worth his while to disburse a few pounds, if he had really thought there was occasion for it; whereas, what had actually happened to him, in consequence of his unfortunate though not wilful neglect to do so, was total and irremediable ruin. Yes, he stood before that court a ruined man; since, even if the result of that inquiry should not be to compel the Reservoir Company to repay the enormous pecuniary losses which had been incurred by the catastrophe, let only the price of the shares at present be compared with what it had been a few days ago — but he did not care to enter into that subject.

What was liability or pecuniary loss, that it was to be mentioned at such a time as that, when Rachel was weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not! And what was ruin or poverty to *him*, compared with the sting of that remorse which would never cease to torture him for having, however innocently — however much in accordance with the highest scientific authority — neglected precautions by which this great calamity, which had not spared even those who were nearest and dearest to him and his, might have been averted!

So ingenious and eloquent, indeed, was the ex-M.P.'s defence, that, next to the immediate sufferers by the catastrophe, there was no one who attracted so much public pity as the chairman of that Board which at first was looked upon as having been the culpable cause of all that had happened. Even John Denton, to whose sagacity Mr. Waller paid so many compliments at the expense of his own, felt half convinced, and his evidence certainly bore less hardly upon the latter than might reasonably have been expected. Indeed, so far as his pecuniary affairs were concerned (if one left out of the question the expectations he had cherished respecting a rich son-in-law), Mr. Waller was upon the whole exceedingly benefited by the bursting of the embankment, since, under shelter of it, he was able to become bankrupt himself — which must have happened at all events sooner or later — in a most honourable and gratifying manner, as he always spoke of it (and honestly believed it to be), though he only paid threepence in the pound.

There was no such excuse for Herbert Stanhope, who was greatly blamed in the county for disposing first of the great Firgrove, and immediately afterwards of the whole Curlew Hall estate, which was purchased by a commercial person of no family, and, it was greatly feared, with an eye to dispose of it on building-leases. He paid, however, a much larger price for it than had been expected; so that, after the mortgages were discharged, there was sufficient to pay all Stanhope's turf debts, and yet leave him a thousand or two to begin the world afresh with. Advisers were not wanting as to the most judicious investment of this little property. Sporting Dawlish, who had been rather "hit" on the last Derby, pressed his friend very much to lay it out on a "perfect certainty" for the ensuing Leger — no gammon about an animal that can't be beaten, like your *Vignette*, but a really foregone conclusion — a secret so valuable and momentous that it could

not be trusted to ink and paper. Never since lords became blacklegs had there been such an opportunity, upon his honour. But Herbert, with many thanks for that and for a past kindness, which, he said, and truly, he should never forget, declined this tempting offer. He had "a perfect certainty," he wrote, as far as a promise could go, of his own, which was quite sufficient for him; in point of fact, he was engaged to be married to Miss Lucy Waller.

"Then Herby is distanced, and that fellow Denton has taken up the running with the other filly," exclaimed Dawlish when he reached that part of the letter; and we, who have had such opportunities of observing for ourselves, may easily imagine that the sagacious young gentleman was right.

A second astute counsellor as to the disposal of the relics of Stanhope's property offered himself in the person of Mr. Waller, who had consented, in the handsomest and most agreeable manner (though not till he had found opposition useless), to Stanhope's marriage with his daughter. Those two or three thousand pounds of his, he assured him, could be quadrupled in a year or two, by investing it in the submarine tunnel about to be constructed between Weymouth and St. Heliers, in which adventure he could, by favour, still procure for him a few shares. But Stanhope declined even this glittering bait.

John Denton, on whose judgment he had had such good cause to rely, and who never expressed himself upon any subject of which he had not obtained considerable mastery, had communicated to him some facts received from a sure hand concerning a certain property on the Murray, near Sandhurst in Victoria, and he made up his mind to emigrate thither, and, if possible, to purchase it. He knew something of stock-farming; he was strong and active, and impatient for work for its own sake, even if he had not had the strongest incentive to it in Lucy, who herself in nowise shrank from the prospect of a new life, which, if somewhat hard and rough, should be at least neither hollow nor dishonest. She longed to leave Mosedale, with all its bitter associations, and where she could not persuade herself that her father was regarded by his neighbours as he believed himself to be; and the greater distance that was placed between them and it, even though it were half the world, the better. But, unfortunately, the relics of Stanhope's fortune only just sufficed for the purchase of the stock and land in question and for passage-money, leaving nothing for outfit,

and the necessary expenses of setting up an establishment in the bush.

"You should have at least an additional five hundred pounds," said Denton thoughtfully.

"That, at all events, makes my decision easy," answered Stanhope, with the ghost of his old careless laugh, "for it's plain I can't take the farm."

"If you are not too proud to borrow the money from me," said Denton simply, "I shall have a real pleasure in lending it to you."

Stanhope coloured to his very temples. "No, I could not think of that," said he decisively.

At this, Denton turned as red as he. "I am sorry," said he stiffly. "I was in hopes that our relations with one another would have admitted of that at least, even if I had offered it as a favour, and not as I honestly meant it—as an eligible investment."

"There is no man's money which I would borrow—nay, if you come to that, accept as a gift—so readily, and with so little sense of humiliation, as yours, sir," said Stanhope warmly. "Do not let us misunderstand each other again, my friend."

"Oh, I see, exclaimed Denton; 'you do not give me credit for having so large a private purse. You fancy I should be obliged to apply elsewhere.'"

"Yes, to some one whom I respect and esteem above measure, but to whom I could not be pecuniarily indebted."

"Well, she would not like to hear that, I know," said Denton softly. "But perhaps you are right. It is a delicacy, at all events, which does you honour. But, as I was about to say, this money is my own, worked pretty hard for, I flatter myself, and you will much oblige me by taking it. It is as good an investment as can be found, in my opinion, anywhere; so take it, and no thanks."

"And this is the man whom I have been idiot enough to call 'no gentleman,'" thought Stanhope, as he shook hands over that bargain.

We may say here that Stanhope and his bride went out to Sandhurst accordingly, and prospered fairly for some years. We trust even the fair sex will forgive Miss Lucy for not immolating herself, after the fashion of suttee, on the funeral pyre of a husband *in posse*. She frankly informed Herbert that she could never love him exactly as she had loved young Richard; but he quietly acquiesced in that arrangement, acknowledging bluntly, Tartuffe that he was, that he had not merited such ador-

ation. He had no doubt she had sufficient capabilities for affection left for the deserts of a vagabond like him; which indeed proved to be the case. She had always liked him; and when, after her lover's death had softened her, and made her sensitive to all such matters, she saw her once playmate and neighbour about to commit a baseness in endeavouring to win a hand that he knew had been promised to another, she took him soundly to task, received the confession of his enormous liabilities and began to pity him immensely. *Facilis descensus amoris.*

They married, as we have said; and when they sailed across the world, Mr. Waller accompanied them. He was not a man to bury his talents in the wilderness — good wine needs no *Bush*, he was wont, rather egotistically to observe — but established himself in excellent quarters at Melbourne, where he became a great social success; entered the legislature, and is not without good grounds for believing that, on the next change of ministry, he may be intrusted with the management of the colonial finances. "Advance Australia," will then," he epigrammatically observes, "be indeed its motto;" for he has several speculations on hand, which only need a little help from the government to turn out Eldorados, and they shall have it.

Of course we are much anticipating matters; but after some years of that fair prosperity to which we have referred as having been Stanhope's lot, the information which Denton had received from a scientific friend respecting the probable value of the Sandhurst property at length bore fruit. The very last gold discovery, known as "the Spring Creek Rush," took place upon Stanhope's own land, and he sold that portion for what his father-in-law, with some exaggeration, considering that it was hundreds of acres of the usual thickness, describes as "its weight in gold." At all events, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope were among the arrivals from Melbourne in one of the Australian steamers this very year; and it is "understood" by the chroniclers of such local pieces of information, "that, thanks to a lucky but well-deserved stroke of Fortune's pick," the estate of Curlew Hall is soon about to pass back into the hands of the same family that have held it for many centuries. In the meantime, the "wealthy and respected pair" are staying at Blackburn Manor, the seat of John Denton, Esq., M.P. It is also announced by the same authority, that the whole of the debts of "our late talented fellow-townsmen, Mr. Waller," have been discharged, notwithstanding there

being no legal necessity for such an act, in full.

John Denton, although a wealthy man, by no means owes his prosperity to the fact that he has married an heiress. He is a magnate of the world of cogs and wheels, a prince in his own right of the powers of steam and iron; idleness, albeit of course he has no need (in the vulgar sense) to toil, is impossible with him. But nobody grudges him either money or influence, since he uses both for good. Every man who shows signs of promise, no matter what his calling, yet lacks means, finds a friend, not a patron, in John Denton. His landed neighbours, who looked on him at first with considerable suspicion, and repeated to themselves their favourite shibboleth that "it takes three generations to make a gentleman" — as if thirteen did not as often as not produce a scoundrel — have made up their minds that, notwithstanding those infernal radical notions of his, there is nothing very dangerous about him, after all. But in their secret hearts they are afraid of him. Mrs. Denton herself, it is acknowledged on all hands, is one of the sweetest of gentlewomen; and notwithstanding that early experience of hers — "she was quite poor, my dear, at one time; indeed, abjectly poor; worked at pillow-lace for a livelihood; in fact, it's too shocking to talk about" — with manners not inferior to those of the lord-lieutenant's wife. "But then she comes of a good old stock, and her children at least, of whom she has several, may be held to be members of a county family."

CHAPTER XLII., AND LAST.

ONE of the most favourite of the evil phrases of the critic runs as follows: "This story has been hurried to a conclusion;" and we are quite aware, under ordinary circumstances, that such a remark would not be wholly inapplicable to our present narrative. But then we submit that the being swept away *en masse* by a burst reservoir does really hasten the disposal of one's *dramatis personæ* most uncommonly. Suppose, for instance, the critics themselves had been feasting that sad night on the river Curlew, as they often do at Greenwich — which perhaps accounts, in one or two of them, for just the least tinge of biliousness in their reviews — suppose, I repeat, they had been assembled at "the cottage," discussing some whitebait, let us say, which had been discovered in the mill-stream above, what would have saved even them — let alone a respectable but humdrum county family like the Blackburns — from being

"hurried to a conclusion"? The author, of course, would have risked his life in the attempt to preserve his friends and patrons; he, like Denton, would have thundered down the valley upon any quadruped—or bicycle—which his limited means might have enabled him to have hired. But unless the whole of the excellent company had happened to come out, like Ellen, into the garden to take the air (as is sometimes necessary after whitebait), what could have been done for them? It would have been no use for the poor fellow to—how shall I write it?—holloa. When did critic ever pay the least attention to an author's cries? The whole "biling" of them, if one may use so vulgar a term in speaking of so sacred a subject, would have instantly been swept to their allotted places in paradise, Perhaps, being of a more ethereal construction than our commonplace tenants of the Fishery, they would not have been dibbled into the rose-garden, but have been carried down stream with the rocks and trees in a manner shocking to think of, so mutilated, perhaps, that the representatives of the *Saturday Review*, for instance, could scarcely be discerned from those of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The subject is too frightful to dwell upon; but we repeat it *might* have happened; and in that case, would a surviving critic, when noticing some agreeable story founded on the catastrophe which had befallen his brethren, venture to say that it was "hurried to a conclusion"?

Thus much of apology we think it right to make for having caused the funeral-baked meats, as it may have seemed, to furnish forth marriage tables. But time has fled, if we have taken no count of it, since that fatal night: though Stanhope and Lucy had married and quitted England within six months, at least a year elapsed before John Denton was wedded to his Ellen. In Mrs. Blackburn they found no obstacle to their engagement, now that her Willy had been snatched away from her; she never had had any real objection to it, except in so far as it seemed to militate against her son's prospects; and indeed the young engineer had, but for that, been always a favourite with her. And he deserved to be so; though she never knew how deeply she was indebted to him, she felt grateful for the tender solicitude with which he endeavoured to soothe her declining days, and perhaps even for the reticence which his courteous delicacy used with respect to those weary eighteen months of unjust exile he had suffered partly at her hands; but she never guessed that, for her sake, he had hidden a secret in his own breast, and kept it to the end, a secret a

hint of which would have brought her gray hairs with more than sorrow to the grave. At present, next to the loss of her son's life, what grieved her most was that his body had not been recovered, or rather, that it had formed one of that score of undistinguishable victims of the catastrophe whom not even their own mothers could have known. She had not even the sad consolation of feeling that her boy lay in the neighbouring vault with the rest of his long line of ancestors, and that one day—which was not far off, for she only survived old Anthony two years—she should be laid beside him. Thanks to her grandson-in-law, she was spared a far more terrible woe.

Denton of course had been one of the chief witnesses at the inquest, and among the dreadful incidents of which he had been the spectator was the identification, or the attempt at identification, of the victims of the flood. Now, there was one body—that of a female—which, although totally uninjured, remained unidentified to the end. It was recognized by a widow in Mosedale in humble circumstances, who let lodgings, as having been a tenant of hers for a few days, but she neither knew her name nor where she came from. The features were strange to all who looked upon them—except one man. Denton alone knew that it was no other than Mrs. William Blackburn—poor Bess; and instinct, stronger even than his sense of justice, bade him hold his peace. There was much talk about this particular incident, for the case was very peculiar; this body had not been hurried down the river, like the rest, but was found in the reservoir itself, when the waters had drained themselves away; and, moreover, it was the opinion of the doctors that death had occurred some days before the general catastrophe. It was supposed that the unhappy woman, whoever she was, had gone up to that desolate moor, and there committed suicide. And in this idea Denton himself had at first coincided. It seemed to him, who knew her timid nature well, probable enough, that, being deserted by her husband—for it was now evident that his story of her having died at Formosa was false—she had ventured to come into the neighbourhood, perhaps with the hope of even yet winning him back to her, perhaps only with the fond desire of looking at his newly acquired greatness afar off; and that then having heard, as she was certain to do, of his unprincipled courtship of Lucy Waller, wretchedness and despair had caused her to commit self-destruction. But afterwards it was his lot to hear from Mrs. Blackburn's own lips—how little she knew

with what horror they were filling him! — a circumstance which convinced him that her son had been a guiltier wretch than even he had deemed him.

She was talking, as she took that grim pleasure in doing which may be noticed in all persons of her class, of the terrible events which had deprived her of son and husband at a blow; and Ellen, striving to evade the subject, had used some commonplace about the terrible unexpectedness of the calamity, when Mrs. Blackburn said: "Nay, Ellen; it may have been unexpected; but now that it has happened, I may tell you both that it did not come without warning — I mean without another sort of warning than that which John gave us; for I myself had a message from the dead." Then she told them how she had seen the ghost of Bess in Redmoor Firgrove, and how, since she knew it boded ill to the Blackburn race, she had revealed it to her Willy.

"Then that accounts," said Ellen, gravely, "for poor Uncle William's strange behaviour in that very wood when we were moving to the cottage;" and she narrated — of course omitting all mention of William's brutal conduct to herself — his wild bearing during that journey.

"Ay," said Mrs. Blackburn, "doubtless that was the cause. I know for many a day

after I had told him, my Willy used to go over the moor, in hopes, may be, of seeing his poor Bess again, even though she was was no longer flesh and blood. Heaven only knows whether he did or not; though it is now clear to me that she came on his account."

Once again that day when Denton was alone with her, the widow again reverted to this subject.

"I didn't like to talk more about it before Ellen this morning," said she, "because just now, you know, in her delicate condition, it might not be so well" —

"Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Blackburn," interrupted the young man gravely; "but it is a subject that you should not talk of to *anybody*, and upon which, if you will take my advice, you will for the future be silent."

"What! it's unlucky, is it? Well, I daresay it is; and I am sure we have had misfortune enough without our bringing them upon ourselves; so I will never mention it again — only just tell me, John — you who are so wise about everything — do you think it possible that my poor dear Willy ever *did* see Bess on Redmoor?"

"Yes, madam," replied Denton, with averted face and involuntary shudder — which Mrs. Blackburn ascribed to superstitious fear — "I think he did."

VIRELAI.

A LARK in the mesh of the tangled vine,
A bee that drowns in the flower-cup's wine,
A fly in the sunshine — such is man,
All things must end, as all began.

A little pain, a little pleasure,
A little heaping-up of treasure,
Then no more gazing upon the sun,
All things must end that have begun.

Where is the time for hope or doubt
A puff of the wind, and life is out.
A turn of the wheel, and rest is won.
All things must end that have begun.

Golden morning and purple night,
Life that fails with the failing light
Death is the only deathless one.
All things must end that have begun.

Ending waits on the brief beginning.
Is the prize worth the stress of winning?
E'en in the dawning the day is done,
All things must end that have begun.

Weary waiting and weary striving,
Glad outseting and sad arriving;
What is it worth when the goal is won?
All things must end that have begun.

Speedily fades the morning glitter;
Love grows irksome and wine grows bitter.
Two are parted from what was one.
All things must end that have begun.

Toil and pain and the evening rest,
Joy is weary and sleep is best,
Fair and softly the day is done.
All things must end that have begun.

From The Spectator.
THE POLITICAL IMPORTANCE OF TREES.

THE Government of India will, we imagine, be very soon compelled to perform one of those acts of high-handed but intelligent and beneficent despotism, which are the justifications of its rule. Unless we are greatly mistaken as to the meaning of symptoms which we have watched closely for nearly a quarter of a century, the highest virtue of our rule on that continent is itself introducing a new and most serious evil. We have established and are maintaining throughout India a security for life and property formerly unknown, and that security has been followed by a steady increase in population, the extent of which is still only guessed at, but which will one day be found to be as great as the increase in any race, except only the one which speaks English. Two thirds of this population lives by cultivating the soil, and the masses of agriculturalists, as they increase, press more and more upon the wild lands, swarm up the hills, pare away the jungle, and sure of their crop, whatever its value, cultivate almost as closely as Chinese. At the same time, the demand for timber throughout India has increased enormously, partly through the wants of the railways, which almost exceed belief, partly through the requirements of the public works, but most of all through the increased and increasing purchases of the people themselves, who begin to need twice the furniture, beams, and firewood with which they were formerly content. It follows that there is less readiness to sacrifice soil to trees, and more readiness to cut trees down, till the peasant comes to regard his wood as his bank of reserve, and meets every pecuniary accident of his life, a bad crop, a wedding, or a heavy debt to his usurer, by cutting down his trees. The Northwest, it is said,—though we vouch for no fact we have not seen,—is slowly becoming stripped, and the usual consequence follows—a distinct and visible increase in the proportion of years of drought, and of sudden and disastrous floods. The trees no longer attract the clouds, the actual quantity of rain diminishes in the plains, the clouds break only on the hills, and the rainfall, instead of fertilizing the land, is wasted in rushing floods, which deposit more sand than fructifying soil. The volume of water in the rivers decreases, the level of water in the wells recedes, and the slightest delay or failure in the annual supply is fatal to the crops of the year; and should it happen twice in succession, the distress becomes appalling, becomes, in fact, a great political disaster, crippling the Treas-

ury, and filling whole regions with a kind of brigandage. A season of this kind occurred in the Northwest, and more especially in Rajpootana, two years ago, and the Government evidently expects another, for it has suspended the preparations for a Durbar which was to have been one of unusual magnificence. Every chief must have brought an army of followers to do honour to the Empress's son, and the risk of moving perhaps a quarter of a million of men across a country thus distressed, and then camping them on one of the few plains sure to be fertile, but sure also to be exhausted by the concourse, was too great to be encountered. The Government, therefore, wisely postponed a somewhat useless ceremony, and is, we hear, warning its feudatories in urgent tones to prepare for the possible disaster.

If the theory of denudation is correct, of which there seems to be little doubt, and if the plains of Northern India are really becoming bare, of which there is considerable evidence, the evil, unless checked, may go very far. We have no wish to speak absolutely upon a subject which requires much more inquiry, but there certainly exists a strong antecedent probability that the stripping of a country is most injurious to its prosperity, and may, under certain circumstances, prove absolutely fatal,—may, to speak broadly, change it into a useless desert, to be revived, if at all, only by costly works for artificial irrigation. It is nearly certain that the desolation of Numidia, once a granary, now a desert, is due to the wilful destruction of the trees by the barbarians; that the Babylonian plain has been desolated by the same cause, and that the Punjaub was, when we conquered it, rapidly becoming a desert. The trees had been cut by successive devastators, Runjeet Singh himself being among the worst, until the kingdom was as bare as a hand, and Lord Lawrence was compelled to undertake planting as a political duty. The desolation of Judea, once so thoroughly cultivated, is in all probability due to the same cause; and the Arabs, of all the ancient races the one which best keeps its traditions, so dread it, that for fifteen centuries to spare the trees has been the one "international" law of the tribes, and the relation of Mahomed's conduct in twice breaking that law is always accompanied with an excuse. The French begin to attribute the increasing sterility of their southern provinces to the same cause, which is felt, though in a less degree, in Lombardy, and above all in Spain, where, if the *Times* is accurately informed, rapid and systematic felling is destroying all

chance of a future for agriculture. No industry can stand up against a certainty of "drought," in the tropical sense, that is, of a total loss of crops once in every three years; and as the process goes on, the proportion will become much greater than that. In each of these instances the remedy lies entirely with the State. It alone can institute inquiries on the necessary scale, it alone lives long enough to reap the full benefit of such slow work as planting, it alone has the disinterestedness to abstain from felling the renewed forests, and, above all, it alone has the strength to restrain the pitiless hunger for pennies, for small immediate gains, which is at once the strongest stimulus and the gravest drawback to the *petite culture*.

In the North-West of India, above all places, the State is splendidly placed to undertake the task. The Government there have at their disposal a thoroughly organized Forest department, having at its head one of those rigidly-trained Prussian savans who, once empowered to commence a reform, have both the patience and the force to carry it fairly through. They have a revenue administration so extensive and so closely compacted that they could, at any moment, obtain reports as to the prospects of every field in any given district. They have a property-right in all waste or uncultivated land, and they have, above all, a settlement which enables them every thirty years to introduce any new conditions they please into the tenure of the soil. Supposing a careful and thorough inquiry to go on for two years, conducted by Dr. Brandis, the Director-General of Forests, and aided by all civil surgeons, revenue officers, and planters throughout the Provinces, and to result in a demonstration of the danger, the Government could almost at once arrest its progress. They could make the planting and maintenance of a certain number of trees the first condition of all tenures, set apart a tenth of all wild land for plantations, exempt all forests from taxation, or rather place a heavy tax on "cleared" land, and line all roads with trees, as is being done in the Punjab. There would be no resistance from the people and no annoyance felt by them. A supreme order of that kind, falling on all alike and carefully explained, will be obeyed as if it came from Heaven, and obedience need not be expensive. There is no reason whatever why the trees should not be fruit trees, which will yield greater profit to their owners when standing than when felled. One third, at least, of all the vast "jungle" which seems to the inexperienced eye to envelope Lower

Bengal, is an orchard consisting of fruit trees interspersed with bamboos, and is as profitable as it would be in England, if there were a chance of teaching villagers that the *Daily Telegraph* is not more divine than the Decalogue, and that the theft of corn and fruit is as great a crime as the theft of spoons or pocket-handkerchiefs. The North-West has not the soil of Bengal, but it has a score of fruit trees, and an order to grow them, if given as one of the considerations for lenient settlement, would excite neither amazement nor indignation.

We hope we shall not be misunderstood. We are not prepared to assert, before a thorough scientific investigation has been made, either that drought recurs more rapidly in Northern India than it did, though we believe this strongly, or that the misfortune is due mainly to denudation. But we are prepared to assert that the Government of India has in its records a mass of facts amply sufficient to justify the expense of a careful inquiry, an investigation which shall set the matter at rest, and, in so doing, benefit every country in the world lying south of lat. 44°. Spain, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and the south side of the Mediterranean, no less than India. If the report shows, as we believe it will, that denudation makes deserts, half the world will have reason to be grateful to the Duke of Argyll; while, if not, all Southerners may go on cutting in peace, unharassed by the restrictions Forest departments are slowly beginning to impose.

From The Spectator.

LANCASHIRE: ITS PURITANISM AND NONCONFORMITY *

DR. HALLEY makes in these volumes a valuable contribution to Church History. He will pardon us if we make the objection which so readily occurs to a critic, that they are over-long. It is not that we find fault with what he tells us; for we are perfectly well aware that his work has something of the nature of a County History, and must therefore contain a mass of local details, of which, if it interest Lancashire men, the world without has no right to complain. But we do not want to be told the same things twice; and Dr. Halley might have economized some few pages if he had never done so. We may point for an example to

* *Lancashire: its Puritanism and Nonconformity*. By Robert Halley, D.D. 2 vols. Manchester: Tubbs and Brook. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1888.

what he says on pages 155 and 224 of vol. i., about the latter days of Dr. Dee the astrologer, who was for some years warden of Manchester. But this is but a slight blemish in a work of very considerable interest and literary value, a work which is evidently the result of a very careful industry, and which possesses the additional charm of showing throughout a most kindly, liberal, and candid spirit. Dr. Halley has his own convictions, and very rightly, does not attempt to conceal them. Here and there we may even detect a prejudice. He is a little hard, we think, on the monks; as, for instance, when he says that "their consumption of animal food was enormous," and mentions in proof that at the abbot's table in Whalley the annual consumption was "seventy-five oxen, eighty sheep, forty calves, twenty lambs, and four pigs; while the refectory and other tables within the house were supplied with fifty-seven oxen, forty sheep, twenty calves, and ten lambs." The abbot's table, it must be remembered, was the guest-table, and therefore the greater part of the consumption must be credited to hospitality. Whalley, too, was a large monastery. The learned doctor himself, if he has the healthy appetite which we trust that he has, probably consumes an ox and a couple of sheep in the year. It jars upon us also when he remarks that "it is not easy to divine the motive of some good ministers who in these times make an ostentatious performance of their private prayers in their pulpits." The practice is universal in the Church of England, and, we make bold to say, has never offended a single worshipper. On this principle all signs of devotion in public, even the whole practice of public worship itself, might be set down as "ostentatious." But, as a rule, Dr. Halley is studiously just to men of all creeds and parties; he is more than just, he is truly generous, and full of unaffected sympathy.

We find ourselves indeed very often, as our readers may suppose, on the same side with our author. The great question of Church Establishments which would divide us from him does not belong to the period to which his work is chiefly devoted. The principle of Voluntaryism never commended itself, we might almost say, never occurred either to the Puritans, who protested against "Papistical" ornaments and ceremonies under Elizabeth and her successors, to the Presbyterians or even the Independents of the Commonwealth, or to the men who were ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. Scarcely one of them doubted that it was the duty of the

civil power to sustain and protect the Church; not many would have hesitated to add the corollary of a further duty of repressing all difference from its rule. Had the Puritans been supreme in the ordering of ecclesiastical affairs during the seventy years that followed the Reformation, they would doubtless have prohibited the use of the surplice (we never hear of any other vestment) as strenuously as Whitgift and Laud enjoined it; had the position of parties been reversed in 1662, the Church of England would probably have had her thousands of martyrs to boast of, instead of a great folly and cruelty to deplore. In the matter of Church government the order which has now come to be regarded as a matter of principle grew at the first out of a dislike to bishops, as bishops behaved themselves in those days, than to Episcopacy in the abstract. And in theology a similar change in the ground of controversy has taken place. In the early days, at least, of the warfare between the dominant school of Churchmen and the Puritans, both parties were agreed in doctrinal matters. As Dr. Halley says, they were all "adherents of the Augustinian theology;" of which, indeed, there could not be devised a more bald and repulsive exposition than is to be found in the "Lambeth articles" of Archbishop Whitgift, of which the first may serve as a specimen: — "God from eternity has predestinated some persons to life, and reprobated others to death." Dr. Halley, however, hardly gives sufficient weight to other influences in the Church. It may not be strictly true that the "articles of the Church were intended as a compromise between Calvinists and Arminians," but any one who will trace the growth of these articles to their present form, and who will compare them with formal expositions of Calvinistic theology, will see that a compromise they practically are. And it is manifestly incorrect to say "that we must wait for Archbishop Laud before we find Arminianism allowed in the English Church." It would be an anachronism to call Hooker an Arminian, but he was scarcely a Calvinist. This was the chief point of controversy between him and his colleague and antagonist, at the Temple Church, Travers. The common saying that the one preached "Canterbury" in the morning, and the other "Geneva" in the afternoon, shows that Hooker represented the theology which was even then, as it has been since, characteristic of the English Church, a Church of which some one said that it had "a Popish liturgy, Calvinistic articles, and an Arminian clergy."

There is no more remarkable instance of

the change that has taken place, though in this case it is a change of manners rather than of habits of thought, than the picture which Dr. Halley gives us of the personal life of the early Puritans. The name suggests the picture of a sober, solemn person, long-visaged, and sour of aspect, his enemies would say, and whom his friends would hardly describe as cheerful and gay, the enemy of all that was frivolous and even amusing. The real truth will be a novelty to most readers. They shall see what the historian of the Puritans says of them:—

"Many of the Lancashire Puritans, and even some of their preachers, as we shall hereafter see, were mighty hunters, keen anglers, fond of hawking, of shuffle-board, of bowls, of billiards, and what may surprise their descendants, of baiting the badger, of throwing at the cock, and even occasionally of private theatricals. . . . The notion that the old Lancashire Puritans, many of whose preachers had their times and places for playing at billiards and shuffle-board, were gloomy, austere, misanthropical people is one of the popular errors of the day."

A notable illustration of these habits is to be found (i. 128), where we have an account of some festivities at Lathom, the seat of the Earls of Derby:—

"Sondaye, Jan. 4, Mr. Carter pretched, wh. was dyvers strangers. On Tuesdaye, at night, a play was had in the hall. On Wednesdaye Mr. Fleetwood pretched, and that night the plaiers played.' . . . This was a merry Christmas at Lathom, and a puritanical one also. There were seven sermons 'pretched' in the fortnight, and the players played on the Sunday evening, after the favourite. Puritan, Mr. Caldwell, had 'pretched' in the morning."

The same Lord Derby, together with the Bishop of Chester (Chadderton), who was one of the preachers at Lathom during this fortnight, had issued an "order and injunction against pipers and minstrels playing on the Sabbath days," and we read of another minister that he "once so effectually rebuked a clergyman for playing at bowles on a Saturday afternoon 'so near the Sabbath' that he never forgot it." Bishops now give croquet-parties to their clergy on Saturday afternoon; but what would be the general horror of the religious world, if one of their Lordships were to be seen himself playing, or even looking on, at croquet on a Sunday. Here, again, is a picture of a Puritan parson, Abdias Assheton, who, as his father and grandfather had been before him, was Rector of Middleton:—

"Abdias, or Abdie, as he was often called, was as good a puritan as his pious father or any

of his family in his aversion to the ceremonies, as also in his abhorrence of the Papists; but he was a merry sort of parson, excessively fond of field sports and athletic exercises. When Rector of Sladeburn, he was the frequent companion of that 'roystering, merry, jovial Puritan,' as Harrison Ainsworth calls Nicholas Assheton, 'in hunting, coursing, angling, and fishing with great nets.' Although the rector would on no account appear in a surplice, he was very willing to ride the country in his hunting-coat, and if he could not endure the music of an organ in church, very pleasant to him was the bark of the dogs with which he hunted the otters that infested his fishing-stream and devoured his salmon."

Even more surprising will be the favour shown to such a sport as "throwing and shooting at cocks:—"

"The grand day for its practice, especially with schoolboys, was Shrove Tuesday. That such Puritans as Nicholas Assheton should enjoy the sport may not be surprising, but it does seem strange that so good and gentle a minister as Henry Newcome should allow his boys to 'shoot at the cock.' As regularly as Shrove Tuesday returned, he indulged them in this sport, and like a pious father prayed to God to protect them from the danger. 'I was much afraid of the children going to the shooting for the cock, lest they had any hurt, and prayed that God would preserve them, and the Lord hath done it for me.'"

This Henry Newcome, indeed, is a beautiful example of the better known side of the Puritan character, though he was of a gentler temper than many of his brethren, and of a tolerance beyond his age. We specially commend Dr. Halley's account of him to the reader. Here is a picture of his conduct after St. Bartholomew's Day. He was one of the fellows of the College at Manchester, and he went to the church on Sunday, September 7 (the second Sunday after the fatal day):—

"A great congregation had been brought together by the hope of hearing Newcome preach once more before his ejection. The multitude fixed their eyes upon their favourite preacher, when, excluded from the pulpit, he quietly took his seat as an attentive auditor, &c. . . . Of the service he wrote, 'I desired to apply myself to my God, and I found it a very sweet sacrament. We had a very sweet time of repetition in the evening.' What could be more beautiful than the spirit and demeanour of Henry Newcome on the day of his exclusion from his beloved pulpit? Ejected, silenced, dishonoured, he forgave the injury, overlooked the surplice, united in the prayers, listened to the preacher, enjoyed the sacrament, catechized the children— which duty the clergyman neglected—and spent the even-

ing with his family in 'sweet repetition' of the sermon preached by the surpliced intruder."

Dr. Halley adds, in connection with the history of the ejection, some curious details as to the not unfrequent instances in which men who refused to conform still retained their places. Where the personal character of the minister was of peculiar sanctity, where he happened to be protected by some powerful neighbour, or, we feel ashamed to add, where his living was not good enough to be worth taking, he was sometimes permitted to remain in peace. A remarkable consequence of this was that more than one chapel which was really Church property fell into the hands of Dissenters, and had to be given back when Dissenting worship was legalized.

The chapters which treat of the Parliamentary war as it was carried on in Lancashire are peculiarly interesting and spirited. Among the noteworthy characters who make themselves seen, stands out one whom Scott has represented to the life in his Dugald Dalgetty, a German engineer of the name of Rosworm. Heyricke, warden of Manches-

ter, engaged his services for six months at thirty pounds. Immediately afterwards the Royalists offered him one hundred and fifty. But the mercenary had his code of honour, and refused to change his service. For his niggardly employers he worked incessantly, and exposed his life most freely. If his own account is to be trusted, he saved them more than once. And all the time he spoke of them as "despicable earthworms," "matchless in their treachery, and setting the Devil himself a copy of villainy." Even the crowning wrong did not shake his fidelity. He was required to sign the Covenant, and refusing to do so, signing covenants being, as he said, no part of a soldier's duty, was mulcted of half his pay. Still he went on serving the "earthworms" to the last.

We might linger long over Dr. Halley's volumes, which are full, indeed, of matter of great historical value, and of that human interest in which histories, Church histories especially, are often deficient. We take leave of him with a very hearty expression of gratitude and respect.

Planchette: the Despair of Science. (Roberts: Boston, U.S.) — Do our readers know what this is that makes science despair? "Planchette" is the name given to an ingeniously contrived instrument, which is intended to supersede the cumbrous method of communicating by "raps" in our intercourse with the world of spirits. It is a flat piece of wood, a "little plank," running on wheels, to which a pencil is fixed, and which, set in motion by the influence of a medium, traces sentences on paper. It will now be seen what this little book is about. It is, in fact, a handbook of spiritualism, and contains about as marvellous a collection of stories as we have ever seen put together. What will be said to this, communicated by the Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, Conn.: — "On returning one day from church, the family found the doors of rooms which had been carefully locked all thrown open, and the furniture tossed about in the utmost confusion. In one room were from eight to ten figures formed with articles of clothing, and arranged with singular skill. They were all kneeling, and each with an open Bible before it, as if in mockery of their own church-going. Nothing was missing. The family locked the door of this room, but only to find, on opening it again, the number of figures increased, and that with articles of dress which three minutes before they had seen in other parts of the house." But perhaps the most remarkable story is that in which Mr. D. describes a series of interviews which he had with the spirit of his deceased wife. This lady contrived, by what she gave

her husband to understand was a great effort, to let him have a sight of Benjamin Franklin, who accordingly appeared in the shape of "a large, heavy man rather below the medium height, but broad-shouldered," dressed in a white cravat with a brown coat of the olden style." A sight of the great man was all that was vouchsafed; for though his face was "radiant with benignity, intelligence, and spirituality," and "his appearance was that of a man full of years, of dignity, and of fatherly kindness, in whom one could find counsel, affection, and wisdom," he did not vouchsafe to his mortal admirer any further communication than violently shaking his hand and slapping his back. This part of the story suggests the old objection to which the writer addresses himself with special energy, but which he does not dispose of. How utterly inane and fatuous these spirit communications are! It may be that, not knowing anything about spirits, we have no right to ask that they should be wiser than ourselves; and it is clearly absurd to suppose them omniscient. Yet the feeling that there is some growth after or through death is an instinct as strong as the instinct of immortality; and there is something inexpressibly revolting about a system which professes to reveal a world of spiritual beings, and shows them busied about wretched trifles which they would have utterly disdained in life. Our readers know so well what we think of spiritualism, that we may say, without seeming to be converts, that this little book is very well put together.

Spectator.

From The Spectator.
THE BYRONIZERS.

WHILE waiting, as every reasonable person will wait, for more evidence than has as yet been published, on Mrs. Stowe's inaccurate accusation, and taking for what it is worth the altogether inconclusive reasoning of Lord Byron's admirers — (it is worth noting that none of those who were *formally* entrusted with either Lady or Lord Byron's view of the separation, unless Mrs. Stowe be an exception, have yet spoken; neither Lady Byron's trustees, nor Dr. Lushington, nor Lord Russell who took counsel, we believe, with Mr. Moore on the destruction of Lord Byron's diary), — it is rather interesting to note the kind of people who take Byron's side, and the sort of feeling, independently, of evidence, which prompts them to take it.

That the British public is, on the whole, vehemently Byronite we have already admitted, and it is so of course independently of evidence. But the chief and characteristic organs of the British public have in this instance been — *not* the *Times*, which, after assuming the truth of Mrs. Stowe's narrative, was compelled, in dismay at the anger of the public, to hedge against its own evident opinion, but which still publishes in its large type very effective epistolary onslaughts on Byron — but the *Standard*, and Conservative papers in general, Martin Farquhar Tupper, William Howitt, Mr. Alfred Austin, and the celebrated General Butler. General Butler's elaborate cross-examination of Mrs. Stowe's evidence is, we take it, rather to be set down to dislike of the New England party of virtue than to any uncontrollable sympathy with Lord Byron; though we dare say, among the rebels against Puritanism in the Puritan States, there are not a few who indulge a passion for the one modern Titan who has covered his rebellion with a cloud of glory. Mr. Howitt represents rather the British grudge against Lady Byron than any special admiration for Lord Byron; — a tendency very deeply rooted in the unjust and ignorant English tradition, and not quite without a sort of colour of reason given to it by the unfortunate errors of judgment which have imparted to Lady Byron's whole conduct in relation to her husband, full of marvellous patience and self-denial as on any hypothesis it undoubtedly was, an external appearance of pallid, frigid, and patronizing criticism, which has prejudiced the public far more than a grave expression of unutterable indignation, followed by absolute silence, probably her wisest line of conduct, could have done. There is something irritating,

even to observers, in the language of unimpassioned criticism when it proceeds from the close neighbourhood of such violent passions as Lord Byron's, and the tone of some of the published letters of Lady Byron, the one, for instance, criticizing "Childe Harold," and some of those in "Moore's Life" which must have been written under intensely suppressed feeling but have the air rather of cold displeasure than of an unutterable sense of wrong, had prepared the public to accept greedily Mr. Howitt's ungenerous account of his communications with her on totally different matters, much of the oddity of which could doubtless be explained away if we once had the complete facts. Mr. Tupper, however, — except in so far as he is a Brother-Poet, who aspires to have his name written (say) *next* to Byron's in letters of imperishable glory, — represents the genuine British-Philistine state of mind about Byron, the state of mind that calls Byron's gigantic and insatiable lusts and sins "errors," as if they had been mere incidents of his career, that believes, no doubt, implicitly in Byron's humbug, in his moody grandeur, his pseudo-romance, his Lara-aspect, in short, and is indignant at any hypothesis or suggestion which exposes the utter hollowness of the sentiment poured forth under the splendid disguise of that wonderful and unrivalled wealth of words. Lord Byron, with all his unequalled force, and all his wit and humour, and a power of mockery never yet approached in literature, was absolutely devoid of even second-rate powers of speculative thought, and was a sheer "philistine" in all matters of criticism, a blind worshipper of Pope and his school in poetry, unable to enter genuinely into any one original poet of his time, even Shelley, of whom personally he saw so much. His numerous letters, expressly written to be seen and discussed by a large circle, are utterly barren of intellectual interest beyond the humorous powers of mystification which they undoubtedly exhibit, and the light they throw upon his own proud, mean, and malicious nature. And it is precisely this absolute common-placeness about this wonderful man's intellect, this utter barrenness of mind, disguised in his poetry by a fire and an eloquence such as the world has never known, before or since, which will make him for ever the heroic poet of a common-place Briton. Englishmen will probably to the end of time call his audacious sins "errors," and deprecate any harsh judgment of a poet who could do what Mr. Tupper cannot, — make every one marvel at the trail of meteoric splen-

dour with which a vulgar passion or a selfish and commonplace ambition comes sweeping on in his stately verse till it quite overawes the imaginations of men. Even the virtuous Mr. Tupper, with Britons in general, will pardon commonplace views in a young lord who could write so grandly, and will insist on believing that he was his true self in his sublimer moods, and only yielding to the overwhelming temptation of a passionate nature when he scoffed and sinned. Yet even these people cannot pardon anything unnatural in Byron, and they won't be able to repeat, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," and to recall the "Farewell" and "The Dream," and to shudder at the melodramatic dreads, and thrill with the soft sentiments, and feel their pulse bound to the empty aspirations of Byron's gorgeous strains, without feeling, what will be quite new to them, that if Mrs. Stowe's story is true, Byron was a wretch who had no *right* to give to their common-place but worthy feelings such magnificent voice as he did.

Whether Mr. Alfred Austin, who has reprinted, — from the *Standard*, we believe, — with additions, his "Vindication of Lord Byron,"* belongs to the same school of Byronizers as Mr. Tupper, it is not very easy to say. As far as we can make out, he, too, is taken in by Lord Byron's hollow idealism, by his moods of false sentiment and gloomy passion; at least, he praises rapturously the last two cantos of "Childe Harold," and does not indicate (what, however, his object in writing did not require him to indicate), any special admiration of Lord Byron's really great works, his poems of mockery, such as "The Vision of Judgment" and "Don Juan." But the leniency with which a writer who parades his ardent study of Byron's letters and of all the Byronicism, speaks of what we must call, quite independently of the truth or falsehood of Mrs. Stowe's story, the unutterably melo-dramatic, false, mean, and cruel character of Byron, — if we are to judge it, at least, by ordinary standards, and not make allowance for a fundamental taint of nature, — would suggest that Mr. Alfred Austin may possibly represent a different school of Byronizers. Whether he does or not — and very likely he really belongs to the Tupperian Byronizers — we are satisfied that there is a school that cherishes Byron for representing the practical rebellion against the morality which makes itself so strongly felt in English society, and yet representing this rebellion not from the

heretical and speculative point of view, like Shelley, but from that of simple defiance. Byron in morals, as in everything else, really acquiesced absolutely in the conventional notions, but while acquiescing in them he defied them, and distinguished himself by a daring revolt against them.

He was a rebel, in short, without a *cause*. He fought against God and social morality because he chose, not because he did not believe in God and social morality. He not only fought against them, but by the splendour and pungency of his mockery he gave an unquestionable grandeur to revolt for the sake of revolt, defiance and blasphemy for the sake of defiance and blasphemy. We are persuaded that there is a section of Byronizers who rather exult in the spectacle of a man, removed by station above the herd, setting so completely at defiance laws which have seemed to them rigid, oppressive, limiting to human nature. Not that they would like to be as Byron. It is not for every one to be independent of circumstances as he was. Perhaps even agreeing with him at bottom that these laws are divine laws, though so oppressive, such persons may have more compassion for their own souls than he had, and shudder at the very thought of following in his footsteps. Still, it is a relief to their imaginations that such a man has been, and that he has given a glow of real splendour to rebellion. When their own minds mutter rebellion they feel a thrill of sympathy with him. They feel the moral law chiefly as a stringent *limitation*, and all the insatiable side of their nature sympathizes with one who broke through it at every point. They feel for him as for a sort of Titan who broke a just, it may be, and necessary, but intolerable yoke. Yet they are revolted by the suggestion of any unnatural sin in Byron, because they have regarded him hitherto as precisely the representative of the natural, in all its caprices of genuine desire, against the supernatural, — as the representative of the naturalness of insatiable passions, but not as a conspirator against nature. The unnatural is even more removed from what they sympathize with, than the supernatural. The latter may be entitled to real awe. The former is as much opposed to the lawlessness which they half admire, as it is to law. Room for the insatiable, satisfaction for each want and instinct, as it rises, whether forbidden by divine law or not, — in a word, practical Antinomianism, has received a sort of crown in Byron's fame which excites a great deal of secret sympathy. It is possible, too, for the public to feel a sort of admiration for that very kind of thing in a peer, — a peer

* London: Chapman and Hall.

quite removed from their sphere both by romantic circumstances and poetic gifts, — which in one of themselves they would bitterly and even cruelly crush.

The strange thing is that any real student of Byron should fail to see the deliberate and malicious cruelty in him, which is as strictly unnatural as any sin now laid to his charge, and has a very close connection with that kind of moral evil. Cruelty as a mere incident, and a necessary incident, to selfishness, is one thing; the cruelty which is deliberate and unnecessary, which is a pleasure in itself, is quite another. And that there was this in Byron any real student of his writings ought to be ashamed of himself not to see. It is, in fact, something very near akin to cruelty which is at the bottom of the unequalled mockery — the diabolic laughter of the mockery — in "Don Juan" and in "The Vision of Judgment." The delight with which Byron lays bare, in the former of these poems, the hollow idealism of the sentiment which had made the very fabric of his earlier pieces, is the first sign of sincerity in him as a poet, but it is the sincerity of cruelty. The hideous lampoons against those for whom, if we are to believe him in his melodramatic moods, he felt so much tenderness, breathe the very spirit of deliberate cruelty. And there is just the same thing abounding in his correspondence. As the masterly letter in last Saturday's *Times*, signed "A Reader of Byron's Letters," pointed out, Byron showed mercy to none — neither mother nor mother-in-law, nor wife, nor mistress. He showed them all up in prose and in verse. He coarsely sneered at the woman who has brought all this scandal upon the public by her worthless defence of his fame. He wrote letters of such low abuse against women — women, too, said to have had a special claim upon his tenderness — that their publication has, we are told, since been threatened by villains coming into possession of them as a means of extorting money. He treated a literary friend whom he got over to Italy to help him, and then abandoned, with a cynical neglect which brought down upon him the disgust and indignant anger of Shelley. If ever there were a man full of cruelty it was Lord Byron. Be Mrs. Stowe's story true or false, the Byronizers who talk of it as as a fearful blot on a comparatively fair fame talk nonsense. The unmeasured lust and cruelty combined in Lord Byron would be estimated very much the same by any man of sense, whether this last and most unpleasant story be true or false. The insatiable element in him was not simply Antinomian, it was malign. He seems

to us to have thirsted insatiably after evil, much in the same way in which a spiritual mind insatiably thirsts after God.

From The Saturday Review.

LADY PALMERSTON.

THE character of Lady Palmerston has been described in the *Times* by a writer who was evidently well acquainted with the subject of his essay. On his authority, and on the evidence of general repute, it may be assumed that no more capable person has ever presided over a political and fashionable drawing-room. Lady Palmerston properly devoted all her energies to the promotion of her husband's interests; and in cultivating his popularity she both served his party, and incidentally she contributed to the comfort and good-humour of a large and various society. The tact, the temper, and general accomplishments of a statesman's wife are advantages as legitimate as birth or fortune, or a dignified personal bearing; and it happened that Lady Palmerston, after her succession to the estates of her family, possessed the means for exercising a splendid hospitality. As foreign Minister in the Cabinets of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston possessed great power, while his pecuniary circumstances were still comparatively narrow; but it is probable that Cambridge House and its mistress had something to do with the uncontested supremacy which he enjoyed in his vigorous and genial old age. The privilege of mingling three or four times in a season with a well-dressed crowd, of shaking hands with a Minister, and of bowing to his wife, is not perhaps extraordinarily valuable; but the leader of a party is less likely to be thwarted by an habitual guest than by an austere stranger who happens only to be a political adherent. The Cambridge House receptions afforded Lord Palmerston an opportunity of exhibiting the cordial demeanour which he had probably cultivated the more sedulously because he found it natural and easy. His own personal sympathies were, as he showed on more than one occasion, exclusively aristocratic; but probably all the world, beyond the limits of his own private circle, was to him equally welcome and equally indifferent. It was the business of his wife to avoid for him as far as possible all occasions of giving personal offence, and it would seem that she discharged her duty with remarkable skill. Although Lord Palmerston took no interest in literature,

its representatives were admitted to his house, if their success had given them social position or political importance. All guests who were worth courting and winning were gladly received, and those among them who were distinguished by rank or by personal eminence served the additional purpose of acting as decoys to the common herd.

It may well be believed that the organization and management of such assemblies required feminine ability of a high order. A cynic or a political purist might object that there is no reason why a man should govern a great country because he has a clever wife; but it is not easy to disentangle the gifts of Fortune from the other conditions of power with which they may happen to be intertwined. Lord Palmerston would probably have been Prime Minister if he had been unmarried, or if his wife had been an unambitious recluse; and if he was indebted to Lady Palmerston for any portion of his political triumphs, the result which she may have achieved was not necessarily inconsistent with the public interest. Knowledge of human nature, displayed personally or by deputy, is not an insignificant qualification for the rulers of men; and it is especially necessary where political power is concentrated in the hands of a privileged class. The relative importance attached respectively to measures and to men varies largely in proportion to the numbers of those who share directly or indirectly in the Government. The House of Commons intuitively trusts its ablest leaders, although they may perhaps discountenance plausible changes in legislation or in politics; and the constituencies, on the other hand, judge a Minister by the comprehensive nature of his professions, and to a certain extent by his performances. For them the gifts and graces of a statesman's wife whom they will never see possess no possible attraction. With the enlargement of the electoral body the personal preferences of members have become comparatively insignificant. A statesman who has alienated half his followers, or who needlessly irritates his adversaries, may defy discontented adherents as long as he enjoys the confidence of the country. The change is not wholly advantageous, for the nearest observers are the best judges of character, and men are, in an assembly which governs instead of merely passing laws, even more indispensable than measures. It is highly improbable that Lady Palmerston should ever have cared for political doctrines. If the doors of Cambridge House were once more open, it would be

almost useless to conciliate members who know that they will be rigidly called to account by their constituents; yet voluntary support is, on the whole, preferable to compelled obedience. It may perhaps have been partly the merit of Lady Palmerston that in her time there were no Caves or tea-room sessions. The kind of influence which she exercised is not to be confounded with the mischievous interference of intriguing women in Courts or Cabinets. It was never suspected that she had any object except the exaltation and security of a husband who reserved to himself the choice of his political course. When a woman who has got the ear of a King or of a powerful statesman fancies that she has political or religious convictions of her own, she becomes an intolerable nuisance. The disgraces of Louis XIV.'s latter life were largely attributable to the piety of Madame de Maintenon; nor are more recent instances wanting of female pressure exercised in the same direction. In England, since the Revolution, the power of Royal wives and mistresses has been restrained within narrow limits; and it happens that Ministers have never allowed the reins of government to pass into female hands. Between the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Palmerston it would be difficult to find any statesman's wife who was supposed to have any perceptible share in his elevation, and with all her faults the Duchess of Marlborough was exclusively loyal to her husband. Fox, who willingly accepted the worship of ladies of rank, always contrived to inspire them with a devotion to his own person which was wholly independent of his principles or his policy. In the next generation Lady Holland used her utmost efforts to promote the interests of the Whig party, without affecting interest in any doctrines except those which her friends happened to profess.

It is difficult to imagine the existence of an American Lady Palmerston, although many women in the United States may possess the same kind of faculties as fully. Even a President's wife would have to deal with more impracticable materials. It would be hardly worth while to win over Senators and Congressmen when the next election would probably remove them from power; and the Conventions and election agents who are the ultimate sources of power are not to be reclaimed by drawing-room blandishments. As the English Constitution approximates gradually to the American standard, social influence, which is naturally and properly administered by women, will become less and less effective;

but as long as aristocratic candidates enjoy an advantage in the competition for office and for power, there will be room in a narrower and contracting sphere for competent successors to Lady Palmerston. The minor diplomacy of ordinary intercourse is most skillfully managed by women, and it is their proper function to make up quarrels, or rather to avoid them. The most virtuous of Ministers will prefer an acquaintance to a stranger, and a friend to a private enemy, and the man whose wife has the best judgment and temper is likely to have the smallest number of unpleasant collisions. The mistress of a house which is frequented by the most eminent members of society has a cheap bribe always at her disposal. Even if some Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes, rejects her overtures, he probably prides himself on his patriotic self-denial. Yet it is necessary that the model wife should, if possible, teach her Minister not to thwart her well-meant efforts by defects of manner or of temper. The chief ornament of Lady Palmerston's drawing-room was Lord Palmerston himself, who, according to his well-informed eulogist, always shook the hand of a guest with a special air of gladness, even when he was unacquainted with his face and name.

The flattering recognition which implied no personal knowledge seems to have been regarded as satisfactory by the sternest Liberals; and it would have been unwise to throw away so easy and convenient an instrument of popularity. Lord Melbourne, who was incomparably superior to Lord Palmerston in refinement, in cultivation, and in the speculative qualities of intellect, was notwithstanding his equally genial disposition, far less widely popular. His wit, his original way of thinking, and his natural sincerity would perhaps have been more readily appreciated or tolerated if an adroit wife had supplied the commonplace requisites of social intercourse. Lord Palmerston threw all his powers into practical business, and in his hours of recreation he was content with the level of any company in which he found himself. It was a satisfaction to an ordinary member of Parliament to find that a formidable Minister was in private life apparently little more than his equal. Lady Palmerston made the most of highly favourable opportunities enforcing by example the moral that tact is one of the most useful of qualities, and that, more than any other virtue, it is certain to be appreciated.

READ, if you can procure it, the abstract of a lecture delivered by Mr. Tylor a few weeks back, at the Royal Institution, on the survival of savage thought in modern civilization. And when you have read, thank the untutored barbarians who originated many of the customs you follow, the tricks you think were born yesterday, and the ritee you conceived to pertain only to a high state of culture. The subject is vastly interesting, and one would like to see it followed beyond the bounds of a lecture. Some of Mr. Tylor's instanced survivals are very curious. Not the least, and not the most so, is our baptismal sprinkling, which, as a gesture representing corporeal and moral purification, belongs alike to the primitive New Zealander and the Indian aborigine, the Lapp and the Malay-an. Then our orientated churches and our ritualistic east-facings; these are but survivals of the ideas of the sun-worshipper, who looked upon the east as life, and the west as death, because the sun was born in the one to die in the other. Remember the grandam who charmed away your infantine diseases with a piece of perishing meat or decaying wood: she represents an antique philosophy of religion which taught a transmutation theory, in effect that diseases were evil spirits invading the patient's body, and which could be persuaded to quit it and take up their abode in some object prepared for them. Worship, prayer, sacrifice, penance, fasting,

have all features that, as our lecturer says, may be traced upwards from the lower races, far into the faiths of higher nations, modified and adapted in their course to fit more advanced culture and loftier creeds. Superstitions are the most universal; spiritualism has been, and is, everywhere. Our low pitching-and-tossing, and our more polite gambling, are but remnants of the die-casting of uncivilized men, and the omen seeking of the African priest, who shuffles scraps of leather in the belief that they may be luckily disposed by spirit hands. Look at our wonderful modern "planchette." It is as old as the hills. The Chinese know all about it. When they would consult a god, they set before the image a platter of sand, and two men grasp one leg each of a V-shaped piece of wood, the point of which rests on the sand. The spirit of the god descends and wriggles the marker, and the scrawl it makes in the sand is translated into an oracular answer! Talk of Davenport brothers: the sorcerers of Greenland have done their trick, with all the "dark seance" accompaniments, for centuries, and the Ojibway conjurers and the Siberian shamans do it still. Your table-turning and air-floating, too, are of all peoples and all time: but for authoritative instances you must refer to the published lecture. It is in vol. V., part VI, of the Proceedings of the Royal Institution.

Gentleman's Magazine.

From The Saturday Review.
FIRST LOVE.

It is one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no First Love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark for woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and fondling and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colours are for the while a little heightened and the tone raised. Presently the vividness of colour will fade again, and the cool greys lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite moment at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always say frankly enough that she never knew what it was not to be in love. There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw, that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be colder, or later in development, or more self-conscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion. Every love is a first love. "I never loved any one before" is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley Montagu, "would be the river Lethe, the stream of Forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Cæsar to Mark Anthony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair and wondered how she could ever have doted on such a bald-pated fellow as the Dictator. Had she succeeded in charming Octavius, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Anthony. And so it is no wonder that a

woman's first love, even if she realizes it all, goes down in this general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is a revolution. It is in fact the one thing that makes him man. The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalrous friendship of schoolfellows; there is no truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket-field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the palings. Girls can't jump, or lag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's, they are awful milk-sops, they cry and "tell mamma," they are afraid of a governess, and of a cow. It is impossible to conceive a creature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution. The barrier of contempt goes down with a crash. The boy-world disappears. Brown, that god of the playground, is cast to the owls and to the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from school to the grave. Paper-chases and the annual match with the "old fellows" cease to be the highest objects of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year when a great cheer welcomes the news that Mugby has got the Ireland. The boy's life has become muddled and confused. The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little hand. He lingers on the border of this new country from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is shy, strange to this world of woman, and woman's talk and woman's ways. The surest, steadiest foot on the cricket-ground tumbles over foot-stools, and tangles itself in coloured wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat trembles at the touch of a tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet among the tumult of foot-ball, hushes and trembles and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every chit in the nursery has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing,

when the sisterly heads bend together and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he is a fool—that is one thing which he feels quite certain about. There is only one other thing he feels even more certain about—that he is in love, and that love has made him a man.

We are not, of course, going to trench on the field of poets and moral preachers, or to expound, like Sir Barnes Newcome, the philosophy of the affections, or to demonstrate with Miss Faithfull and Mrs. Fawcett the great office which First Love fulfils in the economy of man. The only remark we have to make is the very obvious one which moral preachers may be pardoned for forgetting, that it is on the whole a wonderfully pleasant thing. If one enters it through Purgatory, it is none the less a Paradise at which one arrives, an Eden with its tree of knowledge and its tree of life. There is none of the distrust, the irony, the low-pitched expectations of after affection; no practical second thoughts; no calculations about wedding-rings and marriage settlements. In its beginning love still hovers in a sort of debateable land between the real and the unreal, with a good deal of the fun and make-believe of boyhood and girlhood about it yet. There is the old school-trick of "secrets," of "mystery," "whisperings in corners, stolen glances, dropped gloves, little letters deposited in crafty hiding-places. There is the carrying out of the new ritual of love as love-novels give it to us, the stealing photographs and the kissing locks of hair, and the writing love-poems with a certain weakness in their rhyme, and the watching the light in our mistress's window. It is wonderful with what a rigorous exactitude, with what a grave seriousness, we carry out our part in the pleasant little comedy. But it is no comedy to us while we figure in it. It is the revelation of a new world, a world of light and joy, a world, too, of wonder and enchantment and mystery. "Tout est mystère dans l'amour," we sing with old Fontaine, "ses flèches, son carquois, son flambeau, son enfance," and of these mysteries we are admitted as worshippers.

It is hard not to feel a little flutter of pride at being not quite what we ourselves were a month ago. What would others understand of this new love-language that we talk? What of our spasmodic little chatter, broken with passionate ejaculations that have no relation to any subject that could be discussed in earth or heaven, interrupted by silences more eloquent than words? What of those delicious caprices that follow on the sense of power, those

bright little quarrels that only exist in the faith that severance is impossible? What of this new love of letter-writing in fingers that once hated a pen? We exult in the thought that St. Valentine's day taxes the energies of the Post Office more than any other day in the year. We laugh to think of a great Government department in a flutter because Love says "write," and we have written. What of this new delight in solitude, in "mooning about," as we used to call it in our unregenerate days? Surely it is something that love conquers boredom, that one is never alone when one can peep at a locket, or spell over again those sweetest and most crossed of letters, or debate whether the object of one's passion looked best in a blue dress or a brown. But all these are the mere outer accidents of life, and it is life itself that is so changed. What a fresh boisterous breeze of life and liberty comes sweeping down on the tranquil little soul whose deepest joys and sorrows have been over her lessons and her doll! All the youth in her veins quickens at the touch. She is a hoyden, a scapgrace in a moment; the governess shrugs her shoulders; mamma begins to think of her "coming out." Then there is the sudden revolution, the delicious inequalities and inconsistencies of a period of transition, the shyness and stiffness, the silence, the reverie. Then at a bound there is the return on pure girlhood, the defiant revolt, the rebellion against this absorption in another. *Odi et amo*, it is the close neighbourhood of the two that gives each its charm. She is a flirt, a coquette; for what is coquetry but the half-incredulity of a girl unable to believe in her own happiness, eager to convince herself by any experience of the new strength and attraction that she has gained? After-life brings deeper, intenser passion, but never sensations so vivid, so rapid, so exquisitely contrasted, never so involuntary. A girl lies passive in the very dreaminess of joy as emotion after emotion sweeps over her, faith and jealousy and bitterness and delight, like the wind sweeping over Æolian chords and wakening music as wild and wayward as the music in her heart. What other moment of life gives her those "grands ennuis entremêlés de joie" that the old French poetess sung about—

Quand je pense avoir plus de douleur,
Sans y penser je me trouve hors de peine;
Puis quand je crois ma joie être certaine,
Et être au haut de mon désiré heur,
Il me remet en mon premier malheur.

Men spend a great deal too much time, says a great philosopher, over love. We

share Mr. Mill's opinion, though probably Mr. Mill would hardly share our grounds for it. We don't grudge a moment given to a man's first love, because a man believes in it. "Credo quia impossibile" — "I believe just because it is impossible" — replied Tertullian to the objector to his faith; and it is a gain to humanity that at the very outset of life one should meet and believe in a thing so impossible as first love. We are saved at any rate from the dreary gospel of Mr. Buckle, from regarding ourselves as machines, and tabulating our lives in averages. So too there are days, early days in a man's course, when, sitting alone and looking on a sunset, he feels like a grain of sand at the mercy of winds that blow whence and whither he knows not. First love at any rate saves us out of thoughts like these by quickening in us pulses of pain and pleasure that will beat on, drive the winds as they list. How much too of the reverence, the reserve, the grace and refinement of character, springs out of those days of distant, hushed worship, of all-surrendering, all-daring faith? A mere girl, like a mere daisy, rouses within us thoughts too deep for tears. That first touch of passion gives a beauty of its own to the temper of a man, as it gives it to the face of a woman. Who has not noted the strange, sweet change that softens the abrupt gesture, and gives music to the hasty speech, in the hoyden when love's finger first touches her? When Pygmalion's statue-bridle quickened into human life, she must have felt, one fancies, an inexpressible joy in the sense of the rapture her beauty had created, and could sustain. It is the new sense — this consciousness that, as she simply lives and moves, her grace and power is going out of her to gladden at least one heart of man's — that quickens a girl's face out of the hardness and immobility of earlier years. From mere physical, immobile form, it becomes life and spirit, sensitive to every wave of thought, feeling, reflection. The very wonder of the new world she looks out upon, its interest, its awe, mirror themselves in the quick alterations of enthusiasm, of terror, of tenderness. It is quite as well to get a little beauty into the world, quite as well to preserve a little poetry in man, and while first love does this we don't mean to surrender it to Mr. Mill. But we freely give up to him its successors. The mere conventional repetition of the real thing, when its first fervour of faith has fled, the repetition of the old love-litanies by lips that have learnt the irony of them, the mechanical performance of the ritual that has become a sham, this

is — we agree with Mr. Mill — a sheer waste of human time. When a man has got safely over thirty, and looks back on the number of these performances, their extreme dreariness, and the time they have cost him, he feels a twinge of compunction, and a certain pleasure in the consciousness that he is now at any rate secure till forty. As for women, till they are quickened by the apostleship of the champions of their "rights," they will probably go on thinking these little farces the pleasantest things in life. After all they are not more ridiculous than the general tenor of their existence, and woman has at any rate more time to waste than man.

From The Saturday Review.

MOUNTAIN ARCHITECTURE.

It is customary to publish yearly criticisms of the works of art exhibited in the various galleries of the world. We have not the same motive for a periodical discussion of the great masterpieces which are permanently open to public inspection. That part of the pleasure of criticism — of course a very minute part — which is derived from the probable sufferings of the victim operated upon is not in that case to be enjoyed. It is, however, desirable to dissect occasionally the dead, as well as the living, subject. Though Raffaele or Titian cannot be supposed to care greatly for our opinions, much is to be learnt from analysing the sources of their power over our imagination. And, on the same principle, we may occasionally venture a criticism upon some things which are not reckoned amongst objects of art, only because they have not been produced by human hands. Our admiration, for example, of a mountain, is very similar to that which we feel for a picture, or, still more, for a pyramid or a cathedral. In endeavouring to describe mountain scenery we slide unconsciously into the use of architectural language; mountains, like buildings, have their spires, their domes, and their buttresses, and many of the elements of influence are the same in both cases. A vertical cliff affects us in a similar manner whether it is the result of natural or of artificial causes. Many principles of grouping and composition are equally applicable to both. And it is to be regretted, in the interests of good taste, that the public appreciation of high art has been vitiated, in one matter at least, by indiscriminate eulogy. Every one who undertakes to describe a mountain seems to

fancy that he is raising his own character for sensibility to natural beauty (a quality which is just now rather over-estimated) by piling up the most exaggerated superlatives. "You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth," seems to be the motto of all these would-be enthusiasts. The mountains cannot blush, or many a peak would be anxious to slink behind its neighbours in sheer confusion at the preposterous eulogies bestowed upon its charms. At times a person may be found sufficiently frank to confess that it is not enough for a big lump of granite to be two or three miles in height, and covered with a larger or smaller coating of snow, to make it perfectly beautiful. Indeed we have heard a man boldly avow that he thought the Matterhorn rather a preposterous freak of nature than a lovely, or even a sublime, object. But such courage seldom finds its way into print, and for the most part the tourist contentedly follows the lead of his guide-book, and tries to get up a new outburst of enthusiasm for every new variation on the old elements of rock and forest and snow.

To establish any satisfactory canons of criticism on this subject, it would be necessary to go at length into the very curious question of the modern mountain mania, to endeavour to determine what is its real meaning, and to decide how far it corresponds to a really deep-seated sentiment, and how far it is merely the product of a peculiar phase of society. Such a task would be obviously far beyond our limits; but two or three observations may be made which lie upon the surface of the question. Thus, for example, the admiration of barren and savage scenery, purely on account of its barrenness and savagery, seems to be obviously unreasonable. It is excusable for a cockney whose toes have been trodden upon for eleven months by brother cockneys to rejoice in a temporary freedom from his kind; though the prevailing disposition to turn the valley of Chamouni into the likeness of Greenwich or Richmond Hill so far as hotels can do it, is a proof that that pleasure is seldom appreciated. But, in the long run, the beauty of scenery depends on its influence upon the human species; and the dislike which we feel to the visible symbols of the presence of mankind is only justifiable when there is a manifest want of harmony between them and the background. An hotel with billiard-rooms or gaming-tables produces a discord when placed amidst glaciers and Alpine meadows; but the chalet which seems to be as natural a growth as the pine trees beneath it, only adds to their charm. Even the great

carriage-roads which cross the Alps add a certain dramatic interest to the valleys in which they lie; the skill with which they wind round cliffs, and the care with which they are guarded against avalanches and torrents, enable us to realize more vividly the tremendous forces in action all around them. The gorge of Gondo becomes more impressive when we watch the great Simplon road sneaking through the tunnels in its depths. Even the railways, whose intrusion is so pathetically deprecated, have a beauty which will be better appreciated when they have had time to lose some of their unpleasant associations. To a new generation railways will be as familiar as ordinary roads are to ourselves, and their appearance will be too natural to come with a shock upon our sensibilities. If, indeed, they bring with them an inundation of the vulgar order of tourists, they will be the cause of permanent annoyance to intelligent travellers; but there seems to be no intrinsic reason why a railway, like a carriage-road or a foot-path, should not add a certain element of interest to the scenery it traverses. Without pursuing this inquiry, it is at least obvious that the power of mountain scenery depends to a great degree upon a skilfully combined contrast. The sternness of bare wildernesses of ice and crag attracts us most when heightened and relieved by green meadow, purple forest, and valley reaches crowded with picturesque villages. The two or three Alpine districts which realize this contrast most effectively, such as the heads of the Italian valleys below Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc, and the passes at the foot of the Oberland cliffs, must always be reckoned as the great triumphs of mountain architecture. Nothing can be more perfect than those views in which the eye ranges from the chestnut trees and rich meadows of an Italian valley to the everlasting snows on the summits of the loftiest mountains. An illustration of the opposite kind may be taken from the now popular district of the Engadine. The zeal of recent discoverers has been excusably tempted to compare it with the familiar masterpieces of more established reputation. And it is true that even here some attempt has been made to secure an effective contrast. The flat valley of the upper Inn should afford a good platform from which to raise the towering peaks of the Bernina, as the new Law Courts are to look down upon the Strand. But there is a twofold fault in the design, which is fatal to its complete success. In the first place, the valley platform is at far too great an elevation, and not merely diminishes the relative height

of the mountains, but gives to the valley itself a certain bleak and barren aspect which deprives us of the necessary relief. In the second place, the peaks, which are themselves deficient in abruptness, are set so far back that they lose much of the impressiveness naturally due to their height. For these reasons they will be put in the first class only by those unintelligent observers who confuse height with beauty, or who calculate the figure of merit of a mountain merely by the number of acres of glacier which it supports. Much more may be done by skilful management with very inferior means. Pilatus, for example, is a very inferior peak in point of absolute height; but there is something in the contrast of its rugged ranges with the calm repose of the Lake of Lucerne which will always have a special charm for the lover of the picturesque.

This suggests another point of great delicacy in mountain architecture—namely, the proper use of water. It cannot be denied by the impartial critic that less than might have been expected has been made of lakes; and any one who has observed the beauty of a very inferior cliff on many seacoasts, or on the borders of some of the Scotch lochs, will know how much may be done by a judicious employment of such materials. Nothing is more rare in the Alps than to see a mountain of anything like first-rate importance reflected in blue waters. Almost the only good example in the more travelled part of the country is the exquisite Oeschinen Lake beneath the cliffs of the Blümlis Alp; a very graceful specimen of even more graceful design is to be found in the little lake of Alleghe looked down upon by the dolomite mass of the Monto Civita—as yet too rarely visited. We have often wished that—if it could be done without too much injury to the inhabitants—a similar accident to that which only a hundred years ago produced this last work of art might take place at Zermatt, and the upper part of the Nicolai-thal be converted into a sheet of water to reflect the crags of the Matterhorn. Something indeed of a similar effect is produced in many cases by a delicate combination of glacier and rock. The Finster-Aärhorn rising above the Grindelwald glacier, or Mont Blanc as seen from the Jardin, are good examples of the kind. Another very beautiful instance is to be found in the Matterhorn. There is something terrible about the grim cliffs of that mountain, apart from its melancholy associations. But it can hardly be denied that, as seen from some points of view, it partakes almost too

much of the grotesque: the mountain appears to be nearly toppling over its base, and has not the massive solidity of some of its rivals. From another side, however, and especially from the Zmutt glacier, this fault is quite redeemed by the delicate curve of the snow slope which contrasts so admirably with the rugged precipices above it. This may be called a touch of true genius, and resembles a graceful buttress adding stability to the mighty tower against which it is relieved.

The criticism of single mountain forms would be endless. There are some to satisfy every taste, from those which recall the massive forms of Egyptian architecture, to the strange pinnacles which, in the Dolomites and elsewhere, seem to parody the wildest dreams of Gothic builders. No mountain, it may be said, is absolutely perfect. Few will bear inspection from all sides, and many are only beautiful on one. It seems to be as difficult to make a mountain as a statue which shall be graceful in whatever aspect it is regarded. One or two examples may here be given. The dome of Mont Blanc, and the noble pyramid of the Weisshorn, have the merit that it is impossible to take them at a disadvantage. The lines of the composition are so skilfully grouped that the traveller may make the complete tour of either, finding new beauties at every step. But the Jungfrau and the Wetterhorn are onesided mountains. The Matterhorn, from Breuil, becomes a mere shapeless heap of crags; and it is frequently distressing to the admirer of some favourite summit to see the distorted and almost deformed aspect which it assumes in some novel position. Even in the most perfect specimens the critic may discover some defects which would make it appear that the highest ideal has not yet been reached. Dante and Shakspeare have their faults; and we may venture to say that the rather commonplace lower story of Mont Blanc is scarcely worthy of the glorious dome which soars into the sky above it; and that the Oberland mountains would be manifestly improved if they rose two or three thousand feet higher above the gigantic wall to which they serve as battlements.

It is an ungrateful task to find fault with masterpieces. If any one should add that it savours of presumption to find fault with masterpieces, not of art but of nature, we can only add one very obvious moral. That mountains are not perfectly beautiful, only proves that mountains were not made exclusively to be looked at by men. If the world had been constructed entirely with a view to give pleasure to our eyes, it would

probably have been very different; and many districts that we could mention nearer home would not have existed at all. As it is, we may be very well content with the pleasure to be derived from the very noblest objects in existence, without denying that, like all the greatest human works, one part of their merit is that they enable us to conceive something of still more noble.

From The Spectator.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CATHOLIC INFALLIBILITY.

THESE vigorous protests of the Trévès Catholics and M. de Montalembert and Père Hyacinthe, and virtually, one may say, of the Fulda memorialists also, against the policy of the Ultramontane party and the foregone conclusion of the Œcumenical Council, suggest to us Protestants some very curious and subtle problems as to the intellectual foundations of the Catholic view, — the Liberal Catholic view. There is a practical mode of ascertaining the centre of gravity of a plane surface with which every one who has the most superficial knowledge of physics is acquainted: — Suspending the surface by any one corner, you draw a vertical line from the point of suspension in which the centre of gravity must certainly lie, because the only force which prevents the fall of the body is that applied to the surface at the point of suspension, and the directions of this force and of gravity must therefore be in the same line and opposite directions. Altering the point of suspension to any other point in the surface, the same reasoning shows that the centre of gravity must be at some point in the new vertical. But as it was also at some point in the former vertical, it must be where these two lines cross each other, and thus the centre of gravity is determined at the point of intersection. Surely the same method of reasoning ought to be applicable by true Catholics to determine what we may call the true centre of infallibility? All Roman Catholics admit that the Church is infallible, at least on matters of faith, but all do not agree as to where the centre of infallibility lies. Almost all, however, believe that the Church, speaking through an Œcumenical Council properly summoned, is infallible on matters of faith, and this, if there be infallibility at all, seems plausible enough; for as the gravitating force of our falling nature, i.e., of heresy, has been practically neutralized, neutralized on the issue of so many theological controversies,

by formal decisions of such Councils, the centre of infallibility, if there be any such centre, must lie in the line of authority exercised by such Councils; and if in any case these lines of authority turn out to be different in themselves, but to have a common point of intersection, it will follow pretty certainly that this point of intersection is the actual centre of the Church's authority. Thus, it has always been assumed that General Councils speak infallibly the mind of the Church, which is itself infallible on theological matters: — and if, therefore, the Council of December should decide that the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*, but without a Council, is not infallible, it will be for ever certain that the true centre of infallibility does not lie in the Head of the Church, but elsewhere. But if it should decide that even without the concurrence of a Council, the Pope speaking *ex cathedra* is infallible, it will be impossible to reconcile this decision with the prior assumption of the infallibility of a General Council on which it is based, except by inferring that the Pope's decision and the decision of the General Council are concurrent indices of theological truth, and, of course, being equally infallible, are infallibly identical. Thus, the Holy Father must always have been at least *one focus*, if not the only centre, of infallible judgment, — and this, even though it be conceded that the discussions and votes of the General Councils may sometimes have been the proximate means of bringing out the infallible judgment clearly before his own mind. In any case, it seems clear that no Roman Catholic — however liberal or however reactionary — can afford to dispute any deliberate decision of the approaching Œcumenical Council without cutting away his own ground from under his feet. If this Council should err, why the Council of Nicaea, or of Ephesus, or of Constantinople might equally have erred. To admit this would be not merely to deny the authority of a particular dogma, but of the whole series of dogmas sanctioned in a similar manner. If this Council should be asserted to have decided wrongly on Papal Infallibility, or the Assumption of the Virgin, or Tolerance of Heresy, or any other matter, why the dogma of the Consubstantiality of the Son is no longer *infallible*, but at best only *true* in the sense in which the Copernican theory or the theorems of Euclid are true; and for the person who makes such an assertion, therefore, the whole theory of the Roman Church will be gone for ever.

But what puzzles us is, that good Catholics of the Liberal school — Père Hyacinthe

cinthe, for example, who has just resigned his post as Superior of the barefooted Carmelites at Paris—do not seem to acquiesce in this view. That Père Hyacinthe should protest against the supposed wishes of Rome in reference to the coming Council, we can well understand. While it still remains an indeterminate and undetermined matter where the centre of Infallibility resides, it is clear that every priest, or, for that matter, every layman, of the Roman Church who believes he has the assistance of the Holy Ghost, is not only entitled to distribute his quotum to the right determination of the matters likely to be debated, but is bound to do so.

The infallible judgment can only be arrived at by the operation of the Holy Spirit on the various consciences and intellects which make up the Roman Church, and by the Providential overruling of inferior motives; and if anyone, believing that he is under divine guidance, withholds his contribution to the decision, he is simply trying to thwart in detail the Providence which he regards as certain to overcome not only the obstacles which he himself, but those which every unfaithful member of the Church, opposes to the evolution of the Truth. But what we do not understand about Père Hyacinthe's letter is his assumption that the Council may go wrong altogether—unless, indeed, he be no longer a Catholic, and has given up the view that the decisions of General Councils themselves are infallible, from Nicaea onwards,—and of this we have no hint. He says, "I appeal to the Council which assembles to seek remedies for our evils, and to apply those remedies with as much force as mildness. *But if fears, which I do not wish to share, should be realized; if the august assembly should not have greater freedom in its deliberations than it has already had in its preparations; if, in a word, it should be deprived of the characteristics which essentially belong to an Œcumenical Council, I would appeal to God and to man for the summoning of another, truly united in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of parties, really representing the Universal Church, not the silence of some and the oppression of others.*"

This is equivalent to saying that the moral pressure now exerted by Rome,—physical violence such as that freely used at the first Council of Ephesus is now impossible,—may vitiate the whole machinery by which the Church's infallible judgment is declared. But if this be so, what may not have vitiated it in times past? If Père Hyacinthe has so little faith in the Provi-

dence which watches over Œcumenical Councils that he can conceive its divine vigilance utterly thwarted by the eagerness and zeal of the Papal party, and by the impure motive which it may be in the power of that party to apply, what can the decision of any Œcumenical Council have been worth? Does he acquiesce in the condemnation of Nestorius by the Council of Ephesus? If he does, he cannot be very fastidious as to the secondary means employed by Providence to obtain a promulgation of infallible truth. If he does not, he can scarcely be in any sense a Catholic, thus to repudiate one of the most important links in the chain of Catholic orthodoxy. Surely if mixtures of impure motive in the historic causes of Œcumenical decisions are to vitiate those decisions, the Catholic Church will have no infallible decisions left at all. Has there ever been a single Council, or a single discussion of Catholic dogma at such a Council, without a large mixture of earthly passions and self-interested motives? To recur to our old illustration, if Pio Nono and his party have power, by any unfair pressure of theirs, to deprive the Council of the Vatican of the true characteristics of an Œcumenical Council, what can be said for the army of "mariners and slaves" disembarked at Ephesus by St. Cyril "to support," as Gibbon says, "with blows and clamours a metaphysical argument"? Without disputing the machinations of which the Ultramontane or any other party may be guilty to procure the decisions they desire, we cannot conceive how a true Catholic who believes that *any* Council has given infallible judgments, can make such machinations an excuse for repudiating any decision to be arrived at. Take it how you will, the organization of a great Episcopal deliberative Council consisting of elements drawn together from all parts of the earth, must be full of political valves and worldly pulses of all sorts, which it is simply and absolutely impossible to eliminate. The only tenable theory for a Catholic is that these political and mundane influences will be so overruled and moulded by the Holy Spirit as to yield a true result. Nobody supposes that what is called the Providential overruling of a private destiny is accomplished solely by the conscious submission of the subject of it to the Spirit of God. It is supposed to be accomplished by a thousand blind acts, each one of which may be the result of all sorts of mixed or even low motives, but which are so linked together and combined by Providence as to bring out the best final result. The same must be said of the guidance given to deliberations and

votes of an Œcumenical Council, if any theory of infallibility is to be maintained at all. Père Hyacinthe seems to us to suggest a doctrine fatal to the whole conception of an infallible Church, when he hints that unless its deliberations are quite free — *i.e.*, clear of moral compulsion, for of effective physical compulsion in this age of the Church there is little chance — the decrees of the Council will be worthless.

We can only interpret such remonstrances as M. de Montalembert's and those of the Trévés memorialists, and of Père Hyacinthe, in two ways. They may simply express the wish of these Catholics to use their influence strongly in one direction *beforehand*, — without prejudice to their ready submission in case that influence should be used in vain, and their adversaries should triumph. If so, we do not see that their conduct can be fairly challenged, though their words would seem to go beyond this view of their actions. While the result is still indeterminate, it is quite open to them to think that the Holy Ghost, as Père Hyacinthe clearly intimates for his own case, is using them as its medium of expression rather than their adversaries. But, on the other hand, this

language *may* mean, what it seems to mean at least in Père Hyacinthe's case, that if the decision is adverse to their views, they will not believe it the decision of the Holy Spirit at all. In that case, as far as we can understand the rationale of infallibility, those who hold this, reject the infallibility of the Church altogether, and are, in fact, Protestants. The letter of the late Superior of the barefooted Carmelites in Paris seems to us hardly intelligible on any other interpretation. He has evidently more confidence in the witness of God within him than in the elaborate political machinery of any Œcumenical Council for declaring truth. He is, we think, right. But he is not right on any conceivable Roman Catholic theory. He is really asserting the absolute right of his own conscience, in all *moral* matters, to override authoritative promulgations of Catholic opinion. It is a noble assertion. But it is sheer Protestantism. Formally, if not substantially, Père Hyacinthe seems to us already a heretic, — a chooser of his own line, instead of a servant of the Church. May not the Council of the Vatican yet lead to a new and extensive Schism?

WHAT a silly pedantry that is that induces some little people to sign their names so that no one can decipher them. If anything that a man puts upon paper ought to be bold and unmistakable, it is his signature. The habit of signing with a hieroglyph sprang up with people in high places — no credit to them — and those in lower places contracted it, aping their betters as usual, and thereby honouring the character inherited from their Darwinian progenitors. Scores of letters from conspicuous nobodies come under my eye, wound up with conglomerations of dashes and flourishes, that, supposing them to be excusable as the sign-manual of bishops and first lords, are absurd as the subscriptions of Littleworth, clerk in an assurance office, or Fribble, a small parish curate. The culminating point of inconstancy is reached when the name is written so vilely that the writer has to enclose his card to tell you what it really is. Often the body of a letter thus signed is legible enough, showing that the correspondent has learnt to write properly, and that his scrawly signature is a mere affectation. It may be said that the hieroglyph prevents forgery; but this is a bad argument, for the more complicated a writing, the easier can it be imitated: far more difficult is it to counterfeit a simple hand which bears, as all simple hands do bear, a character peculiar to him who wrote it. The habit is

quite unpardonable; and a man who puts a puzzle in the most important part of his epistle ought never to be disappointed if he gets no answer; for the time that could be given to a reply may be completely used up in disentangling the web that shrouds the name.

Gentleman's Magazine.

A SONG.

I LOVE the sea, the stormy sea,
Where billows break, and winds blow free.
I love — I love the boiling foam,
The British sailor's darling home.

I love the tide, the rolling tide,
Where big "white-horses" madly ride,
While loud the piping breezes sing,
And grey gulls dip a wandering wing.

I love, oh, how I love the view
Which distance lends enchantment to!
I love the sea — as I said before, —
But I love it most as it's seen from shore!

London Fun.

From The Spectator.
A TRIP IN A TRAWLER.

IT was on a dull and cloudy morning, but with a promise of a fine day withal, that we hurried down at seven o'clock to the Barbican at Plymouth. A perfect fleet of trawlers, with sails hanging loosely about their masts, were noiselessly gliding out of the harbour. The smartest-looking craft of them all, the *Coquette*, was the one which had invited us to be her guests for the day, for your trawler is no vulgar merchantman, and scorns to receive anybody but visitors in addition to her regular crew. The *Coquette*, Captain Tillett, is the finest vessel of her kind which hails from the port of Plymouth, and had recently won the first prize at the regatta. She is seventy-two tons' burden, and "sails like a witch." With all her ordinary sails set she quickly passed all her rivals and left them far behind. Out of the hundred and fifty trawlers which belong to Plymouth, there are several that fall but little short of the *Coquette*; for the fishing vessels of the present day as far surpass those of twenty years ago as the modern clipper ship surpasses the old Margate hoy. Each crew consists of three men and a boy. They are a superior class of fishermen, and have generally—the captain nearly always—a share in the vessel in addition to their wages, the amount of which depends upon their success in fishing. The vessel takes three-sevenths of the whole net profit, and the remainder is divided as follows:—One share and a half to the captain, one share each to the other two men, and a half-share to the boy. The title by which the captain is familiarly addressed varies curiously. For some years consecutively he is styled "Skipper," which appellation in course of time gives way to "Uncle," to be in turn superseded by "Old Man." Our skipper—for that is the term in vogue just now—having most cordially welcomed us on board, "rigged up" a comfortable seat, consisting of a broad plank laid on inverted fish-tubs and covered with rugs, and served us some excellent coffee. As we sailed across the magnificent Sound, the picturesque expanse of the Three Towns astern, the glowing cliffs of Standon Heights on our left, and the bright green lawns of Mount Edgcombe overshadowed by noble trees growing down to the level of the water on our right, he proceeded to explain the mechanism of the Trawl-net. This net is about one hundred feet long, and thirty-five feet in width at the mouth, which is fastened at the upper edge to a huge wooden beam of the same length and

of the thickness of a man's body in the middle, but tapering slightly towards both ends. This beam is supported at each extremity by an iron frame, which keeps it at a height of four feet from the bottom when it is being dragged along the ground. These frames are called the trawl heads, and from them two ropes are fastened to the trawl wrap which tows the net, and passes over the side of the vessel near the stern. The lower edge of the mouth of the net, which drops considerably behind the straight line of the upper edge and the beam, is fastened along its whole length to a stout rope, as big as a man's arm, termed the ground rope. The net gradually tapers away to a point, and some yards from the end a screen of netting drops across the net called the "door," and forms a kind of huge triangular pocket. The bottom of the trawl-net itself is protected by several old nets, denominated "rubbers," which, as they become worn out, are constantly replaced by fresh ones. As the net is towed along, the ground rope first touches the fish, which, springing up, is stopped by the overhanging beam, and so passing onwards and inwards, strikes against the door, that swinging open to receive it, closes again and prevents any chance of escape. The rate of sailing is usually three miles an hour, and the net remains for periods varying from four to fifteen hours, depending on the time most convenient for disposing of the fish on shore.

As may be imagined, it is not all fish that comes to the net, and a curious museum might be formed of the odds and ends the trawlers haul on deck,—fragments of clothing, pieces of wreck, bottles, and all sorts of utensils, and now and then even portions of dead bodies. These last are immediately thrown overboard, and nothing is said about them, lest inquiries should be made with a view to a coroner's inquest, and the sale of the fish interfered with thereby.

The men lead a hard life, leaving home on Monday morning and never going ashore until Saturday night, only putting into port at intervals to land their fish and starting back again for the fishing-ground immediately. "We never stop out on Sundays if we can anyway help it," said our skipper, "for we go home and have a good wash and change our clothes, for while we are at sea no water goes near our skin, except the spray which comes in over our bows." Though they have comfortable berths and bedding on board, they never use them; but throw themselves down, in their clothes, on the

deck or on the benches in the cabin. The space below the deck is divided into three compartments,—the cabin, the hold, for stowing fish-tubs and baskets called "mawns," and the fore-cabin, for storing spare sails, spars, cordage, &c. While the above description was being given us, we had left the Breakwater far astern, and were approaching the fishing-ground, which is about ten miles from the land. As there was but little wind, the square sail and stern sail were hoisted up and set, the former a huge expanse of canvas containing some three hundred and seventy yards. This having been done, the trawl-net was let go, the tiller unshipped, and the vessel being left to steer herself by the net and drift with the tide, the men threw themselves on the deck, and pipes and chat became the order of the day, the chief staple of conversation being afforded by fishing anecdotes. One of the crew, answering to the name of "Carrotty Bob," a sobriquet bestowed upon him in honour of the flaming bristly stubble which crowned his scone, came out exceedingly strong, especially with sundry smuggling stories, of which not he himself but "feyther" was the hero. This was one of them:—"Feyther used to live at Downderry, just in round Rame Head, on the Cornish coast, and he used to do a deal of smuggling along with Farmer Treffry. Well, one night there was a heavy cargo of brandy and 'baccy run ashore, and there were a great many extra hands employed; amongst them, several strangers. There was one man in a green smock-frock, who had been working on Farmer Treffry's farm for a day or two before, and he made himself uncommon busy to be sure, in fact, he was the best hand of the lot. Well, the stuff was all safely stowed in different places, when early in the morning the officers came and nabbed it all and everybody that had helped to run it. You see the man in the green smock-frock was an exciseman sent down from Lunnion on purpose to catch Farmer Treffry. Well, feyther, he had six months in Exeter Gaol, and when he came out, he swore he'd have nothing more to do with smuggling. And he never did."

By this time the clouds had cleared away; and with the sun shining brilliantly overhead, and the sea smooth as a mirror below, the time passed pleasantly away until about noon, when we began to cast longing looks towards the well-filled hamper which we had brought with us. The skipper, interpreting our glances, informed us that he could not permit us to dine on our provisions, but expected us to share his dinner. This was not

long in making its appearance, and was served in state on an inverted fish-tub. First came a lordly leg of mutton boiled in sea-water,—and no one who has not been fortunate enough to taste it can have any idea what a delicate morsel that homely joint becomes when served à la Neptune. Shades of Kitchener, Glass, and Soyer, there is one gastronomic delight that you dreamed not of! Then there were magnificent potatoes with their jackets on, a dish of cabbage, and "figgy puddings" served up in the basins in which they had been boiled, and which it is the West-Country fashion to eat with the meat. "Sorry we have nothing better to offer you, gentlemen," said the skipper, "but that's the dinner we always have at sea." "A dinner fit for a lord," interposed Carrotty Bob, who was looking on, but whom bashfulness prevented "falling to until the gentlemen had finished." That was not soon, however, for, what with the aforesaid *séance* *Neptunienne*, and that most ancient and best of condiments, hunger, we all declared we had never made a better dinner in our lives. "And now," said our friend P., "we will smoke *such* a pipe!" Glasses on board there were none, and we were obliged to discuss our Bass and our sherry with the aid of large teacups. The fishermen never take any beer or spirit to sea with them, but drink coffee or tea, as they find they can do their work better with beverages that are not intoxicating. Our crew were all temperate men, and Carrotty Bob in particular declined our offers of "something to drink," for he confessed, with a somewhat sheepish air, that he had "got tight on shore about three months before, and made a fool of myself, and therefore promised the missus not to drink anything for a year to come." Soon after dinner we drifted close to a large flock of gulls busily employed in superintending a "school" of mackerel. "These are the best fishermen," cried out "friend Robert," who was evidently the wit of the party. And shortly afterwards, when we came close to a guillemot—called "mur" by the sailors—floating solitarily along, but diving out sight at our approach, our joker exclaimed, "Ah, *he's* gone in and shut the door after him!"

The bright afternoon sped swiftly on, and the time approached for hauling in the net. Our improvised couch was cleared away, and tubs and baskets got ready for their legitimate use. The winch was manned, and we all took our turn at the handles as the tow-rope came slowly in. In about half an hour the beam made its appearance at the side of the vessel. Inch by inch it rose, the

strain was enormous, and a small guy rope which led from the net to the stern "parted" in the middle with a loud snap. There was undoubtedly a great catch of something or other. Inch by inch rose the beam, but no fish were visible, because they were all in the "pocket." At length, as we peered over the side, a dull white mass began to be perceptible looming dimly up from the depths of the sea. Soon some few fish could be descried swimming about and endeavouring to escape through the meshes of the net, but the great white mass still remained opaquely dull and motionless. The pocket came up alongside the rigging, and there, owing to the snapping of the guy rope, stuck fast. But Carrotty Bob was equal to the emergency. Springing lightly on the gunwale, and holding on to the rigging with both hands, he pushed with all the strength of his broad back against the slimy net. Soon the pocket became clear, and plumped down on the deck with a thud which made the stout timbers of the *Coquette* tremble, and master Bob himself emerged from the fray with a magnificent Vandyke pattern conspicuously tarred upon his flannel trousers. The skipper, taking hold of the apex of the pocket, emptied its contents upon the deck. What a seething, struggling, writhing, wriggling mass it was! An apparently inextricable intertwining of heads and tails, with here and there a portion of a white belly or a dorsal fin just visible. At the first glance, the haul appeared to consist entirely of dog-fish, which look like miniature sharks, as they really are, and the fishermen were evidently grievously disappointed, for they make no use of them. "Up at Dover," said the skipper, "they skin 'em and sell 'em for Dutch eels, but the Plymouth folks ain't to be took in that way." Such an enormous quantity of dog-fish they all declared they had never seen at one time, and some idea of their numbers may be formed from the fact that five of us were occupied for a whole hour in throwing them overboard again. They are extremely voracious, and destroy a vast quantity of fish, and we came across more than one fine whiting with a huge slice taken out of his middle by their sharp incisors. To our surprise, they were tossed over the side to take their chance of life or death, for the men said it was too much trouble to kill them. As the heap began to lose its pyramidal shape, we found many other kinds of fish, and the dull leaden and white colours of the shark tribe appeared diversified with the bright silver of the whiting, the gold of the john-dory and the pollock, the dull crimson of the red mullet, the brilliant reds and yellows of the gurnard and the connor, and

the beautifully variegated spots of the larger dog-fish or bounce. The skins of these last are sometimes dried and used by cabinet-makers in polishing their finer work. No one who has not seen sea fish just as they are taken from the water can have any true notion of the vividness of the hues of some of them as they lay gasping and quivering in the sunlight. The under sides of the pollock especially look as if they had been bathed in liquid gold, but this lovely tint lasts but a few moments after they have ceased to live. Among other fish, we came upon a strange-looking monster, which the men called a monk, confounding it with another fish which it strongly resembles, but which was in reality the fishing frog or angler, known in some parts as the sea-devil, and in Scotland by the very expressive title of wide-gab. It seemed to be all mouth, which gaped to the width of fifteen inches, the whole length being three feet, while the body tapered rapidly away from the back of the head. Our skipper expounded the habits of this odd-looking creature. At the extremity of the upper jaw are two slender filaments, which the fish can erect or depress at pleasure. One of these, which is about a foot long, terminates in a triangular piece of skin, about the size of a half-a-crown, and having a shining appearance. As the angler lies flat at the bottom, he raises this filament, and the triangle plays about in the water, attracting his prey, which, incautiously approaching, is ruthlessly gobbled down. "I wish we could catch all the fish we want with as little trouble as he does," remarked Carrotty Bob, with a tone of envy in his voice, as he took hold of the unsavoury-looking monk and flung him overboard. The dog-fish and other useless fish having been thrown away, the crew proceeded to assort those that were fit for the market. Among other odds and ends were a very large lobster, some "baby lobsters" and "baby soles," a fine, fresh-looking cabbage, with a long stalk and roots all complete, sundry whelks and other shell fish, including some scallops, and an old Wellington boot. The whiting filled several mawns, the john dory, brill, and rays another, the gurnards, connors, and mullet a third, and so on, the finest fish being placed on the top. "Ah!" slyly remarked our irrepressible wag, "there's cheating in all trades except fishing." There was only one mawn full of hake, a fish which, twenty years ago, has been known to be sold at ninepence the dozen, but which has now become so scarce as to realize from one to two shillings each. It need hardly be added that the skipper stoutly re-

fused to allow that this scarcity could be at all due to the destruction of the spawn caused by the incessant dredging of the trawlers.

While the fish were being assorted we had slowly sailed back to the harbour, and we

took leave of our kind hosts about seven o'clock in the evening, delighted with our excursion, and with the feeling that we should not soon forget our trip in a trawler.

A. R.

A LYRIC.

BY SOPHIA MAY ECKLEY.

LEAVES of Memory, dead and withered,
In the heart's lone street ye fall,
Rustling with a mournful cadence;
To footsteps now beyond recall: —
Footsteps of the Past, that echo,
In that street, now silent, drear,
Grass-grown, where the wild weeds revel,
'Mid those leaves so dead and sere.

Hollow gusts sweep down these vistas,
Whirl those dead leaves round my feet,
Crumbling with a weary measure,
In the heart's deserted street.
Onward, though, my steps I hastened,
Happy voices lured me on,
Silvery laughter, as from fountains
Flinging diamonds to the Sun.

And I heard the dead leaves rustle
In the distance, as I went,
As if touched by spirit fingers,
To a hushed and low lament;
As the Autumn breeze swept o'er them,
Singing of the days gone by,
Tenderly those dead leaves whispered,
"Onward now thy path must lie."

From the dark wood then I hastened,
From those gaunt boughs, shadeless, bare,
From those thralls of Memory's shackles,
Which the soul's best thoughts ensnare.
And I heard those laughing voices,
Saw sweet childhood, there at play.
Stringing hearts-ease for a Rosary,
That might last at least a day!

Where they played, a weary Minstrel,
Lay asleep upon the grass,
With his lute unstrung, and dusty,
Travel-stained and worn — alas!
He had wandered too, they told me,
Singing, singing on his way,
Serenades by moonlight's glamour,
Madrigals at dawn of day.

But his lute had lost its music,
And its strings had snapped in twain,
Coming through that tangled forest,
Beating through the mist and rain, —

Through those leaves of Memory, withered,
Through that same deserted street,
Which recalled but vanished day-dreams
Faded visions! Hope's defeat!

But I touched him in his slumber,
Waked the minstrel from his dream;
Bade him listen to the music,
Of those dead leaves on a stream
Winding from that distant forest,
Rippling slowly at our feet,
Toward that deep, and silent River,
Whose wondrous flow all calm, and sweet

Washes a far brighter landscape,
Where from dead leaves flowers will rise,
To breathe of Love's eternal summer,
In happy, happy Paradise!
His lute I lifted from the greensward,
Bade him string it all anew,
Not to dead leaves tune its numbers,
Not to Memory's sad review.

But to Hope — beyond Life's threshold,
Where we stood 'tween life and death,
In the shadows of Life's forest,
In the fragrance of its breath!
And we parted — by that River, —
To meet again? O, who can tell,
Only the dead leaves whispered, "*Never*,"
Only the dead leaves sang, "*Farewell*."

CROQUET.

SMOOTH as a billiard-table spread the lawn
Frequented by the early-rising lark,
Where dewy brilliants sparkled in the dawn,
And glow-worms lit their lanterns in the dark —
But now astrid with many an eager group
Brisk "youth and eld," black coat and muslin
blent,
Urging the rolling ball from hoop to hoop,
Or taking light refreshments in the tent;
Till the soft Vesper star, soon after eight,
Gave warning of another day's decline,
And sent us laughing through the garden gate
To lobster salad and the beaded wine; —
O happy hour! when first I learnt the game,
And called MATILDA by her Christian name.
Punch.